TO HIS CHOSEN FRIEND, the learned Author Mr Thomas Heywood.

THou wants no Herald to divulge thy fame;
Nor needes no Apologie; Only thy name;
Into judicious Readers, doth infuse;
A will: to adde a Lawrell to thy muse;
Was now Mæcenas *living. How would hee*
Support thy learned wit? Whose industry
Hath purchas'd such a knowing skill; That those
Who read admire thee; lesse some Criticke showes
His Ignorance in seeking with new songs,
To gaine the honour; wh ch to thee belongs.
But let pale envie beleh forth all her spight
Thy Candid fame shall still continue white,
Vnspotted, pure, and faire, till memory,
Be turn'd oblivion, or a Deity,
Proue mortall; And when Atropos *shall doe*
The fatall office, her belongs vnto;
Apollo *will rebreath a life in thee,*
In length to equall all eternitye
Where in Elyzian *joyes hee will so raise*
Thy worth where never wither shall the bayes
Wherewith hee crownes thee; So thy works will show.
The Debt, I pay 'sno more but what I owe.

SAMVEL KING.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

The late Lancashire WITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
Acted at the *Globe* on the *Banke-side*,
by the Kings Majesties
Actors.

WRITTEN,
By THOM. HEYWOOD,
AND
RICHARD BROOME.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *Benjamin Fisher*,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the
Talbot, without *Aldersgate*.
1634.

WITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
Acted at the Globe on the Bank's
by his Majesty's
Actors.

By THOM. HEYWOOD,

45
6. 30
24.

LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Purfoot for Thomas Pavier,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the
Tudor, within Temple-Barre.
1634.

THE PROLOGVE.

Corrantoes *failing, and no foot poſt late*
Poſſeſſing us with Newes of forraine State,
No accidents abroad worthy Relation
Arriving here, we are forc'd from our owne
Nation
To ground the Scene that's now in agitation.
The Project unto many here well knowne;
Thoſe Witches the fat Iaylor brought to Towne,
An Argument ſo thin, perſons ſo low
Can neither yeeld much matter, nor great ſhow.
Expect no more than can from ſuch be rais'd,
So may the Scene paſſe pardon'd, though not prais'd.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Maſter Arthur, *Mr.* Shakſtone, *Mr.* Bantam: (*as from hunting.*)

Arthur.

WAs ever ſport of expectation,
Thus croſt in th' height.
Shak. Tuſh theſe are accidents, all game is ſubject to.
Arth. So you may call them
Chances, or croſſes, or what elſe you pleaſe,
But for my part, Ile hold them prodigies,
As things tranſcending Nature.
Bantam. O you ſpeake this,
Becauſe a Hare hath croſt you.
Arth. A Hare? a Witch, or rather a Divell I think.
For tell me Gentlemen, was't poſſible
In ſuch a faire courſe, and no covert neere,
We in purſuit, and ſhe in conſtant view,
Our eyes not wandring but all bent that way,
The Dogs in chaſe, ſhe ready to be ceas'd,
And at the inſtant, when I durſt have layd
My life to gage, my Dog had pincht her, then
To vaniſh into nothing!
Shak. Somewhat ſtrange, but not as you inforce it,
Arth. Make it plaine
That I am in an error, ſure I am
That I about me have no borrow'd eyes.
They are mine owne, and Matches.
Bant. She might find ſome Muſe as then not viſible to us,
And eſcape that way.
Shak. Perhaps ſome Foxe had earth'd there,

And though it be not common, for I ſeldome
Have knowne or heard the like, there ſquat her ſelfe,
And ſo her ſcape appeare but Naturall,
Which you proclaime a Wonder.

Arth. Well well Gentlemen, be you of your own faith, but
And is to me apparent, being in ſence, (what I ſee
My wits about me, no way toſt nor troubled,
To that will I give credit.

Banth. Come, come, all men
Were never of one minde, nor I of yours.

Shak. To leave this argument, are you reſolv'd
Where we ſhall dine to day?

Arth. Yes where we purpos'd.

Banth. That was with Maſter *Generous*.

Arth. True, the ſame.
And where a loving welcome is preſum'd,
Whoſe liberall Table's never unprepar'd,
Nor he of gueſts unfurniſht, of his meanes,
There's none can beare it with a bravet port,
And keepe his ſtate unſhaken, one who ſels not
Nor covets he to purchaſe, holds his owne
Without oppreſſing others, alwayes preſt
To indeere to him any knowne Gentleman
In whom he finds good parts.

Bantham. A Character not common in this age.

Arth. I cannot wind him up
Vnto the leaſt part of his noble worth.
Tis far above my ſtrength. *Enter Whetſtone.*

Shak. See who comes yonder,
A fourth, to make us a full Meſſe of gueſts
At Maſter *Generous* Table.

Arth. Tuſh let him paſſe,
He is not worth our luring, a meere Coxcombe,
It is a way to call our wits in queſtion,
To have him ſeene amongſt us.

Bunt. He hath ſpy'd us, there is no way to evade him.

Arth. That's my griefe; a moſt notorious lyar, out upō him.

Shak. Let's

Shak. Let's set the best face on't.

Whet. What Gentlemen? all mine old acquaintance?
A whole triplicity of friends together? nay then
'Tis three to one we shall not soone part Company.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetstone.*

Bant. Dainty Mr. *Whetstone.*

Arth. Delicate Master *Whetstone.*

Whet. You say right, Mr. *Whetstone* I have bin, Mr. *Whetstone* I am, and Mr. *Whetstone* I shall be, and those that know me, know withall that I have not my name for nothing, I am hee whom all the brave Blades of the Country use to whet their wits upon; sweet Mr. *Shakton*, dainty Mr. *Bantham*, and dainty Mr. *Arthur*, and how, and how, what all lustick, all froligozone? I know, you are going to my Vncles to dinner, and so am I too, What shall we all make one randevous there,
You need not doubt of your welcome.

Shak. No doubt at all kind Mr. *Whetstone*; but we have not seene you of late, you are growne a great stranger amongst us, I desire sometimes to give you a visit; I pray where do you lye?

Whet. Where doe I lye? why sometimes in one place, and then againe in another, I love to shift lodgings; but most constantly, whersoere I dine or sup, there doe I lye?

Arth. I never heard that word proceed from him
I durst call truth till now.

Whet. But where so ever I lye 'tis no matter for that,
I pray you say, and say truth, are not you three now
Going to dinner to my Vncles?

Bant. I thinke you are a Witch Master *Whetstone.*

Whet. How? A Witch Gentlemen? I hope you doe not meane to abuse me, though at this time (if report be true there are too many of them here in our Country) but I am sure I look like no such ugly Creature.

Shak. It seemes then you are of opinion that there are Witches, for mine own part, I can hardly be induc'd to think there is any such kinde of people.

Whet. No such kinde of people! I pray you tell me Gentlemen, did never any one of you know my Mother?

Arth. Why was your Mother a Witch?

Whet. I doe not say as Witches goe now a dayes, for they for the most part are ugly old Beldams, but she was a lusty young Lasse, and by her owne report, by her beauty and faire lookes bewitcht my Father.

Bant. It seemes then your Mother was rather a yong wanton wench, than an old wither'd witch.

Whet. You say right, and know withall I come of two ancient Families; for as I am a *Whetstone* by the Mother-side, so I am a *By-blow* by the Fathers.

Arth. It appeares then by your discourse, that you came in at the window.

Whet. I would have you thinke I scorne like my Granams Cat to leape over the Hatch.

Shak. He hath confest himselfe to be a Bastard.

Arth. And I beleeve 'tas a notorious truth.

Whet. Howsoever I was begot, here you see I am,
And if my Parents went to it without feare or wit,
What can I helpe it.

Arth. Very probable, for as he was got without feare;
So it is apparent he was borne without wit.

Whet. Gentlemen, it seemes you have some private businesse amongst your selves, which I am not willing to interrupt, I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, my stomacke is now much upon 12. You know what houre my Vncle keeeps, and I love ever to bee set before the first grace, I am going before, speake, shall I acquaint him with your comming after?

Shak. We meane this day to see what fare he keepes.

Whet. And you know it is his custome to fare well,
And in that respect I think I may be his kinsman,
And so farewell Gentlemen, Ile be your fore-runner,
To give him notice of your visite.

Bant. And so intyre us to you.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetstone.* *Arth.* Kind Mr. *Byblow.*

Whet. I see you are perfect both in my name & sirname; I have bin ever bound unto you, for which I will at this time be your

Noverint,

Noverint, and give him notice that you *Universi* will bee with him *per præsentes*, and that I take to be presently. *Exit.*

Arth. Farewell *As in præsenti.*

Shak. It seemes hee's peece of a Scholler.

Arth. What because he hath read a little Scriveners Latine, hee never proceeded farther in his Accidence than to *Mentiri non est meum*; and that was such a hard Lesson to learne, that he stucke at *mentiri*; and cu'd never reach to *non est meum*: since, a meere Ignaro, and not worth acknowledgement.

Bant. Are these then the best parts he can boast of?

Arth. As you see him now, so shall you finde him ever: all in one strain, there is one only thing which I wonder he left out.

Shak. And what might that be?

Arth. Of the same affinity with the rest.
At every second word, he his commonly boasting
either of his Aunt or his Vncle.

Enter Mr. Generous.

Bant. You name him in good time, see where he comes.

Gener. Gentlemen, Welcome, t'is a word I use,
From me expect no further complement:
Nor do I name it often at one meeting,
Once spoke (to those that understand me best,
And know I alwaies purpose as I speake)
Hath ever yet suffiz'd; so let it you;
Nor doe I love that common phrase of guests,
As we make bold, or we are troublesome,
Wee take you unprovided, and the like;
I know you understanding Gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade your selves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold,
But still provided for my worthy friends,
Amongst whom you are listed.

Arth. Noble sir, you generously instruct us, and to expresse
We can be your apt schollers: in a word
Wee come to dine with you.

Gener. And Gentlemen, such plainnesse doth best please me, I
Of so much by my kinsman, and to show (had notice

How lovingly I tooke it, instantly
Rose from my chayre to meet you at the gate.
And be my selfe your usher; nor shall you finde
Being set to meat, that i'le excuse your fare,
Or say, I am sory it falls out so poore;
And had I knowne your comming wee'd have had
Such things and such, nor blame my Cooke, to say
This dish or that hath not bin sauc'st with care:
Words, fitting best a common Hostesse mouth,
When ther's perhaps some just cause of dislike
But not the table of a Gentleman;
Nor is it my wives custome; in a word, take what you find, & so

Arth. Sir without flattery
You may be call'd the sole surviving sonne
Of long since banisht Hospitality.

Gener. In that you please me not: But Gentlemen
I hope to be beholden unto you all,
Which if I proove, Ile be a gratefull debtor.

Bant. Wherein good sir.

Gener. I ever studied plainenesse, and truth withall.

Shak. I pray expresse your selfe.

Gener. In few I shall. I know this youth to whom my wife
Is (as you needs must finde him) weake and shallow: (is Aunt
Dull, as his name, and what for kindred sake
We note not, or at least, are loath to see,
Is unto such well-knowing Gentlemen
Most grossely visible: If for my sake
You will but seeme to winke at these his wants,
At least at table before us his friends,
I shall receive it as a courtesie
Not soone to be forgot.

Arth. Presume it sir.

Gener. Now when you please pray Enter Gentlemen.

Arth. Would these my friends prepare the way before,
To be resolved of one thing before dinner
Would something adde unto mine appetite,
Shall I intreat you so much.

Bant.

Bant. O sir you may command us.
Gener. I'th meane time
Prepare your stomackes with a bowle of Sacke. *Exit Bant.*
My Cellar can affoord it; now Mr. *Arthur* *& Shak.*
Pray freely speake your thoughts.
Arth. I come not sir
To presse a promise from you, tak't not so,
Rather to prompt your memory in a motion
Made to you not long since.
Gener. Wast not about
A Mannor, the best part of your estate,
Morgag'd to one slips no advantages
Which you would have redeem'd.
Arth. True sir the same.
Gener. And as I thinke, I promist at that time
To become bound with you, or if the usurer
(A base, yet the best title I can give him),
Perhaps should question that security
To have the money ready. Wast not so?
Arth. It was to that purpose wee discourst.
Gener. Provided, to have the Writings in my custody.
Else how should I secure mine owne estate.
Arth. To denie that, I should appeare with'World
Stupid, and of no braine.
Gener. Your monie's ready.
Arth. And I remaine a man oblig'd to you.
Beyond all utterance.
Gener. Make then your word good
By speaking it no further, onely this:
It seemes your Vncle you trusted in so far
Hath failed your expectation.
Arth. Sir he hath, not that he is unwilling or unable,
But at this time unfit to be solicited;
For to the Countries wonder, and my sorrow,
Hee is much to be pitied.
Gener. Why I intreat you.
Arth. Because hee's late become the sole discourse

Of all the countrey; for of a man respected
For his discretion and knowne gravitie,
As master of a govern'd Family,
The house (as if the ridge were fixt below,
And groundsils lifted up to make the roofe)
All now turn'd topsie turvy.

Gener. Strange, but how?

Arth, In such a retrograde & preposterous way
As seldome hath him heard of. I thinke never.

Gener. Can you discourse the manner?

Arth. The good man, in all obedience kneels vnto his son,
Hee with an austere brow commands his father.
The wife presumes not in the daughters sight
Without a prepared courtesie. The girle, shee
Expects it as a dutie; chides her mother
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks,
And what's as strange, the Maid she dominiers
O're her yong mistris, who is awd by her.
The son to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groome his man,
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pitty, and in others wonder,
So in the most part laughter.

Gener. How thinke you might this come.

Arth, T'is thought by Witchcraft.

Gener. They that thinke so dreame,
For my beliefe is, no such thing can be,
A madnesse you may call it: Dinner stayes;
That done, the best part of the afternoone
Wee'le spend about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Seely and Doughty.

Seely. Nay but vnderstand me neighbor *Doughty.*

Doughty. Good master *Seely,* I do understand you, and over and over understand you so much, that I could e'ne blush at your fondnesse; and had I a sonne to serve mee so, I would cure a di vell out of him.

See. Alas he is my childe.

Dough. No, you are his childe to live in feare of him, indeed they say oldmen become children againe, but before I would become my childes childe, and make my foot my head, I would stand upon my head, and kick my heels ... the sides.

Enter Gregory.

See. You do not know what an only son is, O see, he comes now if you can appease his anger toward me, you shall doe an act of timely charity.

Dou. It is an office that I am but weakly verst in,
To plead to a sonne in the fathers behalfe,
Blesse me what lookes the deviliſh young Raſcall
Frights the poore man withall!

Greg. I wonder at your confidence, and how you dare appeare before me.

Doug. A brave beginning.

See. O sonne be patient.

Greg. It is right reverend councell, I thanke you for it, I shall study patience shall I, while you practice waies to begger mee, shall I? *Dough.* Very handsome.

See. If ever I trangreſſe in the like againe—

Greg. I have taken your word too often sir and neither can nor will forbeare you longer.

Dough. What not your Father Mr. *Gregory?*

Greg. Whats that to you sir?

Dough. Pray tell me then sir, how many yeares has hee to serve you.

Gre. What do you bring your spokeſman now, your advocat,
What fee goes out of my eſtate now, for his Oratory?

Dou. Come I muſt tell you, you forget your ſelfe,
And in this foule unnaturall ſtrife wherein
You trample on your father. You are falne
Below humanitie. Y'are ſo beneath
The title of a ſonne, you cannot clayme
To be a man, and let me tell you were you mine
Thou ſhouldſt not eat but on thy knees before me.

See. O this is not the way.
This is to raiſe Impatience into fury.

I do not seek his quiet for my ease,
I can beare all his chidings and his threats,
And take them well, very exceeding well,
And finde they do me good on my owne part,
Indeed they do reclaim me from those errors
That might impeach his fortunes, but I feare
Th'unquiet strife within him hurts himselfe,
And wastes or weakens Nature, by the breach
Of moderate sleepe and dyet, and I can
No lesse than grieve to finde my weaknesses
To be the cause of his affliction,
And see the danger of his health and being.

Don. Alas poore man? Can you stand open ey'd
Or dry ey'd either at this now in a Father?

Greg. Why, if it grieve you, you may look of out,
I have seen more than this twice twenty times,
And have as often bin deceiv'd by his dissimulations
I can see nothing mended.

Don. He is a happy sire that has brought vp his son to this.

See. All shall be mended son content your selfe,
But this time forget but this last fault.

Greg. Yes, for a new one to morrow.

Don. Pray Mr. *Gregory* forget it, you see how
Submissive your poore penitent is, forget it,
Forget it, put it out o'your head, knocke it
Out of your braines. I protest, if my Father,
Nay if my fathers dogge should have sayd
As much to me, I should have embrac't him.
What was the trespasse? It c'ud not be so hainous.

Greg. Wel Sir, you now shall be a Iudge for all your jeering.
Was it a fatherly part thinke you having a sonne
To offer to enter in bonds for his nephew, so to indanger
My estate to redeeme his morgage.

See. But I did it not sonne?

Gre. I know it very well, but your dotage had done it,
If my care had not prevented it.

Don. Is that the businesse: why if he had done it, had hee not

bin sufficiently secur'd in having the mortgage made over to himselfe.

Greg. He does nothing but practice waies to undo himselfe, and me: a very spendthrift, a prodigall fire, hee was at the Ale but tother day, and spent a foure-penny club.

See. 'Tis gone and past sonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace sir? And not long ago at the Wine he spent his teaster, and two pence to the piper, That was brave was it not?

See. Truely we were civily merry. But I have left it.

Greg. Your civility have you not? For no longer agoe than last holiday evening he gam'd away eight double ring'd tokens on a rubbers at bowles with the Curate, and some of his idle companions.

Dou. Fie Mr. *Gregory Seely* is this seemely in a sonne. You'le have a rod for the childe your father shortly I feare. Alasse did hee make it cry? Give me a stroke and Ile beat him, Blesse me, they make me almost as mad as themselves.

Greg. 'Twere good you would meddle with your own mat-
See. Sonne, sonne. (ters sir.

Greg. Sir, Sir, as I am not beholden to you for house or Land, for it has stood in the name of my ancestry the *Seelyes* above two hundred yeares, so will I look you leave all as you found it.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter con yeow tell?

Greg. O *Lawrence*, welcom, Thou wilt make al wel I am sure.

Law. Yie which way con yeow tell, but what the foule evill doone yee, heres sick an a din.

Dou. Art thou his man fellow ha? that talkest thus to him?

Law. Yie sir, and what ma' yoew o' that, he maintoynes me to rule him, and i'le deu't, or ma' the heart weary o' the weambe on him.

Dou. This is quite upside downe, the sonne controlls the father, and the man overcrowes his masters coxcombe, sure they are all bewitch'd.

Greg. 'Twas but so, truely *Lawrence*: the peevish old man vex't me, for which I did my duty, in telling him his owne, and

Doughty here maintaines him against me.

Law. I forbodden yeow to meddle with the old carle, and let me alone with him, yet yeow still be at him, hee serv'd yeow but weell to bast ye for't, ant he were stronk enough, but an I saw foule with yee an I swaddle yee not savorly may my girts brast.

See. Prethee good *Lawrence* be gentle and do not fright thy Master so.

Law. Yie, at your command anon.

Dough. Enough good *Lawrence*, you have said enough.

Law. How trow yeou that? A fine World when a man cannot be whyet at heame for busie brain'd neighpors.

Dou. I know not what to say to any thing here,
This cannot be but witchcraft.

Enter Ioane and Winny.

Win. I cannot indure it nor I will not indure it.

Dow. Hey day! the daughter upon the mother too.

Win. One of us two, chuse you which, must leave the house, wee are not to live together I see that, but I will know, if there be Law in *Lancashire* for't, which is fit first to depart the house or the World, the mother or the daughter.

Ioane. Daughter I say.

Win. Do you say the daughter, for that word I say the mother, unlesse you can prove me the eldest, as my discretion almost warrant it, I say the mother shall out of the house or take such courses in it as shall sort with such a house and such a daughter.

Ioan. Daughter I say, I wil take any course so thou wilt leave thy passion; indeed it hurts thee childe, I'le sing and be merry, weare as fine clothes, and as delicate dressings as thou wilt have me, so thou wilt pacifie thy selfe, and be at peace with me.

Win. O will you so, in so doing I may chance to looke upon you. Is this a fit habite for a handsome young Gentlewomans mother, as I hope to be a Lady, you look like one o' the Scottish wayward sisters, O my hart has got the hickup, and all

lookes

lookes greene about me, a merry song now mother, and thou shalt be my white girle.

Ioan. Ha, ha, ha! I'me overcome with joy at my conversion.

Dough. She is most evidently bewitcht.

Song.

Joane. *There was a deft Lad and a Lasse fell in love,*
with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly;
With kissing and toying this Maiden did prove,
with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly;
So wide i' th waist, and her Belly so high,
That unto her mother the Maiden did cry,
O Langtidowne dilly, O Langtidowne dilly,
fa la la Langtidowne, Langtidowne dilly.

Enter Parnell.

Parn. Thus wodden yeou doone and I were dead, but while I live yeou fadge not on it, is this aw the warke yeou con fine?

Dough. Now comes the Mayd to fet her Miſtreſſes to work.

VVin. Nay pri'thee ſweet *Parnell*, I was but chiding the old wife for her unhandſomneſſe, and would have been at my work preſently, ſhe tels me now ſhe will weare fine things, and I ſhall dreſſe her head as I liſt.

Dough. Here's a houſe well govern'd?

Parn. Dreſſe me no dreſſings, leſſen I dreſſe yeou beth, and learne a new leſſon with a wainon right now; han I bin a ſervant here this halfe dozen o' yeares, and con I ſee yeon idler then my ſelve?

Ioa. VVin. Nay pritheeſweet *Parnell* content, & hark thee --

Dought. I have knowne this, and till very lately, as well govern'd a Family as the Country yeilds, and now what a neſt of ſeverall humors it is growne, and all divelliſh ones, ſure all the VVitches in the Country, have their hands in this home-ſpun medley; and there be no few 'tis thought.

Parn. Yie, yie, ye ſhall ye ſhall, another time, but not naw I thonke yeou, yeou ſhall as ſoone piſſe and paddle in't, as ſtap me in the mouth with an awd Petticoat, or a new paire o ſhoine,

shoine, to be whyet, I cannot be whyet, nor I wonnot be whyet, to see sicky doings I.

Lawr. Hold thy prattle *Parnell*, aw's com'd about as weene a had it, wotst thou what *Parnell*? wotst thou what? o deare, wotst thou what?

Parn. VVhat's the fond wexen waild trow I.

Lawr. We han bin in love these three yeares, and ever wee had not enough, now is it com'd about that our love shall be at an end for ever, and a day, for wee mun wed may hunny, we mun wed.

Parn. What the Deowl ayles the lymmer lowne, bin thy braines broke lowse trow I.

Lawr. Sick a waddin was there never i' Loncoshire as ween couple at on Monday newst.

Par. Awa awaw, sayn yeou this sickerly, or done you but jaum me?

Lawr. I jaum thee not nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke, here's both our Masters have consented and concloyded, and our Mistresses mun yeild toyt, to put aw house and land and aw they have into our hands. *Parn.* Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And we mun marry and be master and dame of aw.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And theyn be our Sijourners, because they are weary of the world, to live in frendibleneste, and see what will come on't.

Par. Awa, awaw, agone.

Seel. & Greg. Nay 'tis true *Parnell*, here's both our hands on't, and give you joy.

Ioan. & VVin. And ours too, and 'twill be fine Ifackins.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw!

Dou. Here's a mad businesse towards.

Seel. I will bespeake the Guests.

Greg. And I the meat:

Ioan. I'le dresse the dinner, though I drip my sweat.

Law. My care shall sumptuous parrelments provide.

VVin. And my best art shall trickly trim the Bride.

Parn. VVhaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Greg. Ile get choyce musick for the merriment.

Dough. And

Dough. And I will waite with wonder the event.
Parn. VVhaw, whaw, whaw, whaw,

ACTVS, II. SCÆNA, I.

Enter 4. VVitches. (*severally.*)

All. HOe! well met, well met. (straine
Meg. VVhat new deviſe, what dainty
More for our myrth now then our gaine,
Shall we in practice put.
Meg. Nay dame,
Before we play another game.
VVe muſt a little laugh and thanke.
Our feat familiars for the pranck
They playd us laſt.
Mawd. Or they will miſſe
Vs in our next plot, if for this
They find not their reward. *Meg.* 'Tis right.
Gil. Therefore ſing *Mawd*, and call each ſpright.
Come away, and take thy duggy, *Enter foure Spirits.*
Meg. Come my *Mamilion* like a Puggy,
Mawd. And come my puckling take thy tear,
Your travels have deſerv'd your meat.
Meg. Now upon the Churles ground
On which we're met, lets dance a round;
That Cocle, Darnell, Poppia wild,
May choake his graine, and fill the field.
Gil. Now ſpirits fly about the taske,
That we projected in our Maske. *Exit Spirits.*
Meg. Now let us laugh to thinke upon
The feat which we have ſo lately done,
In the diſtraction we have ſet
In *Seelyes* houſe; which ſhall beget
VVonder and ſorrow 'mongſt our foes,

VVhilſt

VVhilſt we make laughter of their woes.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. I can but laugh now to foreſee,
The fruits of their perplexity.

Gil. Of *Seely's* family?

Meg. I, I, I, the Father to the Sonne doth cry,
The Sonne rebukes the Father old;
The Daughter at the mother Scold,
The wife the husband check and chide,
But that's no wonder, through the wide
VVorld 'tis common.

Gil. But to be ſhort,
The wedding muſt bring on the ſport
Betwixt the hare-brayn'd man and mayd,
Maſter and dame that over-ſway'd.

All. Ha, ha, ha! *Meg.* Enough, enough,
Our ſides are charm'd, or elſe this ſtuffe
VVould laughter-cracke them; let's away
About the Iig: we dance to day,
To ſpoyle the Hunters ſport.

Gil. I that, be now the ſubject of our chat.

Meg. Then liſt yee well, the Hunters are
This day by vow to kill a Hare,
Or elſe the ſport they will forſweare;
And hang their Dogs up.

Mawd. Stay, but where
Muſt the long threatned hare be found?

Gill. They'l ſearch in yonder Meadow ground.

Meg. There will I be, and like a wily VVat,
Vntill they put me up; ile ſquat.

Gill. I and my puckling will a brace
Of Greyhounds be, fit for the race;
And linger where we may be tane
Vp for the courſe in the by-lane;
Then will we lead their Dogs a courſe,
And every man and every horſe;
Vntill they breake their necks, and ſay —

All, The

All. The Divell on Dun is rid this way. Ha. ha, ha, ha.
Meg. All the doubt can be but this,
That if by chance of me they misse,
And start another Hare.
Gil. Then we'll not run
But finde some way how to be gone.
I shal know thee *Peg*, by thy grissel'd gut,
Meg. And I you *Gilian* by your gaunt thin gut.
But where will *Mawd* bestow her selfe to day?
Mawd. O' th' Steeple top; Ile sit & see you play. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Generous, Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and VVhetstone.

Gener. At meeting, and at parting Gentlemen,
I onely make use of that generall word,
So frequent at all feasts, and that but once; y'are welcome.
You are so, all of you, and I intreat you
Take notice of that speciall businesse,
Betwixt this Gentleman my friend, and I.
About the Morgage, to which writings drawne,
Your hands are witnesse.
Bant. & Shak. VVe acknowledge it.
VVhet. My hand is there too, for a man cannot set to his Marke, but it may be call'd his hand; I am a Gentleman both wayes, and it hath been held that it is the part of a Gentleman, to write a scurvie hand.
Bant. You write Sir like your selfe.
Gener. Pray take no notice of his ignorance,
You know what I foretold you.
Arth. 'Tis confest, but for that word by you so seldome (spoke
By us so freely on your part perform'd,
VVe hold us much ingag'd.
Gener. I pray, no complement,
It is a thing I doe not use my selfe,
Nor doe I love't in others.
Arth. For my part, could I at once dissolve my selfe to words
And after turne them into matter; such

And of that strength, as to attract the attention
Of all the curious, and most itching eares
Of this our Crittick age; it cou'd not make
A theame amounting to your noble worth:
You seeme to me to super-arrogate,
Supplying the defects of all your kindred
To innob le your own name: I now have done Sir.

VVhet. Hey day, this Gentleman speakes likes a Country Parson that had tooke his text out of *Ovids* Metamorphosis.

Gener. Sir, you Hyperbolize;
And I coo'd chide you for't, but whil'st you connive
At this my Kinsman, I shall winke at you;
'Twil prove an equall match.

Gener. Your name proclaimes
To be such as it speakes, you, *Generous*.

Gener. Still in that straine!

Arth. Sir, sir, whilst you perlever to be good
I must continue gratefull.

Gener. Gentlemen, the greatest part of this day you see is
In reading deeds, conveyances, and bonds, I spent
VVith sealing and subscribing; will you now
Take part of a bad Supper.

Arth. VVe are like travellers
And where such bayt, they doe not use to Inne.
Our love and service to you.

Gener. The first I accept,
The Last I entertaine not, farewell Gentlemen.

Arth. VVe'l try if we can finde in our way home
VVhen Hares come from their coverts, to reliffe,
A course or too.

VVhet. Say you so Gentlemen, nay then I am for your company still, 'tis sayd Hares are like Hermophrodites, one while Male, and another Female, and that which begets this yeare, brings young ones the next; which some think to be the reason that witches take their shapes so oft: Nay if I lye *Pliny* lyes too, but come, now I have light upon you, I cannot so lightly leave you farewell Vnckle.

Gen. Co-

Gener. Cozen I wish you would comfort your selfe,
With such men ever, and make them your President,
For a more Gentile carriage.

Arth. Good Master *Generous* — *Exeunt, manet Generous.*

Enter Robert.

Gen. Robin. *Rob.* Sir.

Gen. Goe call your Mistresse hither.

Rob. My Mistresse Sir, I doe call her Mistresse, as I doe call you Master, but if you would have me call my Mistresse to my Master, I may call lowd enough before she can heare me.

Gener. Why she's not deafe I hope, I am sure since Dinner She had her hearing perfect.

Rob. And so she may have at Supper too for ought I know, but I can assure you she is not now within my call.

Gener. Sirrah you trifle, give me the Key oth' Stable, I will goe see my Gelding; i' th' meane time Goe seeke her out, say she shall finde me there.

Rob. To tell you true sir, I shall neither finde my Mistresse here, nor you your Gelding there.

Gener. Ha! how comes that to passe?

Rob. Whilst you were busie about your writings, she came and commanded me to saddle your Beast, and sayd she would ride abroad to take the ayre.

Gener. Which of your fellowes did she take along to wayte on her?

Rob. None sir.

Gener. None! hath she us'd it often?

Rob. Oftner I am sure then she goes to Church, and leave out Wednesdayes and Fridayes. *Gener.* And still alone?

Rob. If you call that alone, when no body rides in her company.

Gen. But what times hath she sorted for these journeyes?

Rob. Commonly when you are abroad, and sometimes when you are full of businesse at home.

Gener. To ride out often and alone, what sayth she When she takes horse, and at her backe returne?

Rob. Onely conjures me that I shall keepe it from you, then clappes me in the fist with some small piece of silver, and then a

Fish cannot be more silent then I.

Gen. I know her a good woman and well bred,
Of an unquestion'd carriage, well reputed
Amongst her neighbors, reckon'd with the best
And ore me most indulgent; though in many
Such things might breed a doubt and jealousie,
Yet I hatch no such phrensie. Yet to prevent
The smallest jarre that might betwixt us happen;
Give her no notice that I know thus much.
Besides I charge thee, when she craves him next
He be deny'd: if she be vext or mov'd
Doe not thou feare, Ile interpose my selfe
Betwixt thee and her anger, as you tender
Your duty and my service, see this done.

Rob. Now you have expreſt your minde, I know what I have to doe; first, not to tell her what I have told you &c, next to keep her side-saddle from comming upon your Gueldings backe; but howsoever it is like to hinder me of many a round tester.

Gener. As oft as thou deny'st her, so oft clayme
That teaster from me, 't shall be roundly payd.

Rob. You say well in that sir, I dare take your word, you are an honest Gentleman, and my Master; and now take mine as I am your true servant, before she shall backe your Guelding again in your absence, while I have the charge of his keeping; she shall ride me, or Ile ride her.

Gen. So much for that. Sirrah my Butler tels me
My Seller is drunke dry, I meane those Bottles
Of Sack and Claret, are all empty growne
And I have guests to morrow, my choyse friends.
Take the gray Nag i' th' stable, and those Bottles
Fill at *Lancaster*,
There where you use to fetch it.

Rob. Good newes for me, I shall sir.

Gen. O *Robin*, it comes short of that pure liquor
We drunke last Terme in London at the *Myter*
In *Fleet-street*, thou remembrest it; me thought
It was the very spirit of the Grape.

Meere quinteſſence of Wine.

Rob. Yes ſir, I ſo remember it, that moſt certaine it is I never ſhal forget it, my mouth waters ever ſince when I but think on't, whilſt you were at ſupper above, the drawer had me down into the Cellar below, I know the way in againe if I ſee't, but at that time to finde the way out againe, I had the help of more eies than mine owne: is the taſte of that *Ipſitate* ſtil in your pallat ſir?

Gener. What then? But vaine are wiſhes, take thoſe bottles
And ſee them fil'd where I command you ſir.

Rob. I ſhall: never c'ud I have met with ſuch a faire opportunitie: for juſt in the mid way lies my ſweet-heart, as lovely a laſſe as any is in *Lancaſhire*, and kiſſes as ſweetly: i'le ſee her going or comming, i'le have one ſmouch at thy lips, and bee with thee to bring *Mal Spencer*. *Exit.*

Gen. Go haſten your return, what he hath told me
Touching my wife is ſomewhat ſtrange, no matter
Bee't as it will, it ſhall not trouble me.
Shee hath not lyen ſo long ſo neere my ſide,
That now I ſhould be jealous.

Enter a ſouldier.

Sold. You ſeeme ſir a Gentleman of quality, and no doubt but in your youth have beene acquainted with affaires military, in your very lookes there appeares bounty, and in your perſon humanity. Pleaſe you to vouchſafe the tender of ſome ſmall courteſie to help to beare a ſouldier into his countrey.

Gen. Though I could tax you friend, & juſtly too
For begging 'gainſt the Statute in that name,
Yet I have ever bin of that compaſſion,
Where I ſee want, rather to pittie it
Than to uſe power. Where haſt thou ſerv'd?

Sold. With the Ruſſian againſt the Polack, a heavy war, and hath brought me to this hard fate. I was tooke priſoner by the Pole, & after ſome few weeks of durance, got both my freedom and paſſe. I have it about me to ſhow, pleaſe you to vouchſafe the peruſall.

Gener. It ſhall not need. What Countreyman.

Sold. Yorkeſhire ſir. Many a ſharp battell by land, and many a ſharpe ſtorme at ſea, many a long mile, and many a ſhort meale, I have travel'd and ſuffer'd ere I c'ud reach thus far, I beſeech you ſir take my poore & wretched caſe into your worſhips noble conſideration.

Gener. Perhaps thou lov'ſt this wandring life
To be an idle loitering begger, than
To eat of thine owne labour.

Sold. I ſir! Loitering I defie ſir, I hate lazineſſe as I do leproſie: It is the next way to breed the ſcurvie, put mee to hedge, ditch, plow, threſh, dig, delve, any thing: your worſhip ſhal find that I love nothing leſſe than loitering.

Gener. Friend thou ſpeakeſt well.

Enter Miller (his hands and face ſcratcht, and bloudy.

Miller. Your Mill quoth he, if ever you take me in your mill againe, i'le give you leave to caſt my fleſh to the dogges, and grinde my fleſh to pouder, betwixt the Milſtones. Cats do you call them, for their hugeneſſe they might bee cat a mountaines, and for their clawes, I thinke I have it here in red and white to ſhew, I pray looke here ſir, a murreine take them, ile be ſworne they have ſcratcht, where I am ſure it itcht not.

Gener. How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Mil. You ſee ſir, and what you ſee, I have felt, & am come to give you to underſtand, i'le not indure ſuch another night if you would give mee your mill for nothing, they ſay we Millers are theeves: but I c'ud as ſoone bee hangd as ſteale one piece of a nap all the night long, good Landlord provide your ſelfe of a new tenant, the noiſe of ſuch catterwawling, & ſuch ſcratching and clawing, before I would indure againe, i'le bee tyed to the ſaile when the winde blowes ſharpeſt, and they flie ſwifteſt, till I be torne into as many fitters as I have toes and fingers.

Sold. I was a Miller my ſelfe before I was a ſouldier. What one of my own trade ſhould be ſo poorely ſpirited frighted with (cats?
Sir truſt me with the Mill that he forſakes.
Here is a blade that hangs upon this belt
That ſpight of all theſe Rats, Cats, Wezells, Witches

Or Dogges, or Divels, Shall ſo coniure them
I'le quiet my poſſeſſion.
Gener. Well ſpoke Souldier.
I like thy reſolution. Fellow, you then
Have given the Mill quite over.
Mil. Over and over, here I utterly renounce it; nor would I ſtay in it longer, if you would give me your whole eſtate; nay if I ſay it, you may take my word Landlord.
Sold. I pray ſir dare you truſt your mill with me.
Gener. I dare, but I am loth, my reaſons theſe.
For many moneths, ſcarce any one hath lien there
But have bin ſtrangely frighted in his ſleepe,
Or from his warme bed drawne into the floore,
Or clawd and ſcratcht, as thou ſeeſt this poore man,
So much, that it ſtood long untenanted,
Till he late undertooke it, now thine eies
Witneſſe how he hath ſped.
Sold. Give me the keies, ile ſtand it all danger.
Gener. 'Tis a match: deliver them.
Mil. Mary withall my heart, and I am glad, I am ſo rid of em.

Exeunt.

Enter Boy with a ſwitch.

Boy. Now I have gathered Bullies, and fild my bellie pretty well, i'le goe ſee ſome ſport. There are gentlemen courſing in the medow hard by; and 'tis a game that I love better than going to Schoole ten to one.

Enter an inviſible ſpirit. J. Adſon with a brace of grey-hounds.

What have we here a brace of Greyhounds broke looſe from their maſters: it muſt needs be ſo, for they have both their Collers and ſlippes about their neckes. Now I looke better upon them, me thinks I ſhould know them, and ſo I do: theſe are Mr. *Robinſons* dogges, that dwels ſome two miles off, i'le take them up, & lead them home to their maſter; it may be ſomthing in my way, for he is as liberall a gentleman, as any is in our countrie, Come *Hector*, come. Now if I c'ud but ſtart a Hare by the way, kill her, and carry her home to my ſupper, I ſhould thinke I had made

made a better afternooones worke of it than gathering of bullies. Come poore curres along with me. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Arth. My Dog as yours. *Shak.* For what? *Arth.* A piece.

Shak. 'Tis done.

Bant. I say the pide dog shall outstrip the browne.

Whe. And ile take the brown dogs part against the pide

Bant. Yes when hee's at his lap you'le take his part.

Arth. *Bantam* forbeare him prethee.

Bant. He talks so like an Asse I have not patience to indure his non sence.

Whet. The browne dogge for two peeces.

Bant. Of what?

Whet. Of what you dare; name them from the last Farthings with the double rings, to the late Coy'nd peeces which they say are all counterfeit.

Bant. Well sir, I take you: will you cover these, give them into the hands of either of those two gentlemen.

Whet. What needs that? doe you thinke my word and my money is not all one?

Bant. And weigh alike: both many graines too light.

Shak. Enough of that, I presume Mr. *Whetstone*, you are not ignorant what belongs to the sport of hunting.

Whet. I thinke *I* have reason, for *I* have bin at the death of more Hares.

Bant. More then you shed the last fall of the leafe.

Whet. More then any man here *I* am sure. *I* should be loath at these yeares to be ignorant of hairing or whoring. I knew a hare close hunted, clime a tree.

Bant. To finde out birds nests

Whet. Another leap into a river, nothing appearing above water, save onely the tip of her nose to take breath.

Shak. Nay that's verie likely, for no man can fish with an angle but his Line must be made of hare.

Whet. You say right, I knew another, who to escape the Dogges hath taken a house, and leapt in at a window.

Bant.

Bant. It is thought you came into the World that way.
Whet. How meane you that?
Bant. Becauſe you are a baſtard.
Whet. Baſtard! O baſe.
Bant. And thou art baſe all over.
Arth. Needs muſt I now condemne your indiſcretion,
To ſet your wit againſt his.
Whet. Baſtard? that ſhall be tried; well Gentlemen concerning Hare-hunting you might have had more, if he had had the grace to have ſaid leſſe, but for the word Baſtard, if I do not tell my Vncle, I and my Aunt too, either when I would ſpeake ought or goe of the skore for any thing, let me never be truſted, they are older than I, and what know I, but they might bee by when I was begot; but if thou *Bantam* do'ſt not heare of this with both thine eares, if thou haſt them ſtill, and not loſt them by ſcribling, inſtead of *Whet-ſtone* call me *Grinda-ſtone*, and for *By-blow*, *Bulfinch*. Gentlemen, for two of you your companie is faire and honeſt; but for you *Bantam*, remember and take notice alſo, that I am a baſtard, and ſo much i'le teſtifie to my Aunt and Vncle. *Exit.*
Arth. What have you done, twill grieve the good old Gentleman, to heare him baffled thus.
Bant. I was in a cold ſweat ready to faint,
The time he ſtaid amongſt us.
Shak. But come, now the Hare is found and ſtarted,
She ſhall have Law, ſo to our ſport. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Greyhounds.

A Hare, a Hare, halloe, halloe, the Divell take theſe curres, will they not ſtir, halloe, halloe, there, there, there, what are they growne ſo lither and ſo lazie? Are Mr. *Robinſons* dogges turn'd tykes with a wanion? the Hare is yet in ſight, halloe, halloe, mary hang you for a couple of mungrils, if you were worth hanging, & have you ſerv'd me thus? nay then ile ſerve you with the like ſauce, you ſhall to the next buſh, there will I tie you, and uſe you like a couple of curs as you are, & though not laſh you, yet

lash you whilest my switch will hold, nay since you have left your speed, ile see if I can put spirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe meanes.

As he beats them, there appeares before him, Goodly Dickison, and the Boy upon the dogs going in.

Now blesse me heaven, one of the Greyhounds turn'd into a woman, the other into a boy! The lad I never saw before, but her I know well; it is my gammer *Dickison*.

G. Dick. Sirah, you have serv'd me well to swindge me thus. You yong rogue, you have vs'd me like a dog.

Boy. When you had put your selfinto a dogs skin, I pray how c'ud I help it; but gammer are not you a Witch? if you bee, I beg upon my knees you will not hurt me.

Dickis. Stand up my boie, for thou shalt have no harme, Be silent, speake of nothing thou hast seene. And here's a shilling for thee.

Boy. Ile have none of your money gammer, because you are a Witch: and now she is out of her foure leg'd shape, ile see if with my two legs I can out-run her.

Dickis. Nay sirra, though you be yong, and I old, you are not so nimble, nor I so lame, but I can overtake you.

Boy. But Gammer what do you meane to do with me Now you have me?

Dickis. To hugge thee, stroke thee, and embrace thee thus, And teach thee twentie thousand prety things. So thou tell no tales; and boy this night Thou must along with me to a brave feast.

Boy. Not I gammer indeedla, I dare not stay out late, My father is a fell man, and if I bee out long, will both chide and beat me.

Dickis. Not sirra, then perforce thou shalt along, This bridle helps me still at need, And shall provide us of a steed. Now sirra, take your shape and be Prepar'd to hurrie him and me. Now looke and tell me ether's the lad become.

Boy. The boy is vanisht, and I can see nothing in his stead

But a white horse readie sadled and bridled.

Dickif. And thats the horse we must bestride,
On which both thou and I must ride,
Thou boy before and I behinde,
The earth we tread not, but the winde,
For we must progresse through the aire,
And I will bring thee to such fare
As thou ne're saw'st, up and away,
For now no longer we can stay. *She catches him*

Boy. Help, help,

Enter Robin and Mall.

Thanks my sweet Mall for thy courteous entertainment, thy creame, thy cheese-cakes, and every good thing, this, this, & this for all. *Kisse.*

Mal. But why in such haste good *Robin?*

Robin. I confesse my stay with thee is sweet to mee, but I must spur Gute the faster for't, to be at home in the morning. I have yet to Lancaster to ride to night, and this my bandileer of bottles, to fill to night, and then halfe a score mile to ride by currie-combe time, i'the morning, or the old man chides *Mal.*

Mal. Hee shall not chide thee, feare it not.

Robin. Pray *Bacchus* I may please him with his wine, which will be the hardest thing to do; for since hee was last at London and tasted the Divinitie of the Miter, scarce any liquour in Lancashire will go downe with him, sure, sure he will never be a Puritane, he holds to well with the Miter.

Mal. Well *Robert*, I find your love by your haste from me, ile undertake you shal be at Lancaster, & twise as far, & yet at home time enough, and be rul'd by me.

Rob. Thou art a witty rogue, and thinkst to make me believe any thing, because I saw thee make thy broome sweepe the house without hands t'other day.

Mal. You shall see more than that presently, because you shall beleeve me; you know the house is all a bed here: and I dare not be mist in the morning. Besides, I must be at the wedding of *Lawrence* and *Parnell* to morrow.

Rob. I your old sweet heart *Lawrence*? Old love will not be forgotten.

Mal. I care not for the losse of him, but if I hit him not hang me: but to the point, if I goe with you to night, and help you to as good wine as your master desires, and you keepe your time with him, you will give me a pinte for my company.

Rob. Thy belly full wench.

Mal. I'le but take up my milk payle and leave it in the field, till our comming backe in the morning, and wee'll away.

Rob. Goe fetch it quickly then.

Mal. No *Robert*, rather than leave your company so long, it shall come to me.

Rob. I would but see that.

The Payle goes.

Mal. Looke yonder, what do you thinke on't.

Rob. Light, it comes; and I do thinke there is so much of the Divell in't as will turne all the milke shall come in't these seven yeares, and make it burne too, till it stinke worse than the Proverbe of the Bishops foot.

Mal. Looke you sir, heere I have it, will you get up and away.

Rob. My horse is gone, nay prithee *Mal*, thou hast'st him away, leave thy Roguerie.

Mal. Looke againe.

Rob. There stands a blacke long-sided jade: mine was a trus'd gray.

Mal. Yours was too short to carrie double such a journey. Get up I say, you shall have your owne againe i'th morning.

Rob. Nay but, nay but.

Mal. Nay, and you stand butting now, i'le leave you to look your horse. Payle on afore to the field, and staie till I come.

Rob. Come away then, hey for *Lancaster*: stand up. *Exeunt*

ACTVS.

ACTVS, III. SCENA, I.

Enter old Seely *and* Ioane *his Wife.*

Seely. COme away wife, come away, and let us be ready to breake the Cake over the Brides head at her entrance; we will have the honour of it, we that have playd the Steward and Cooke at home, though we loft Church by't, and saw not Parkin *Knit-locke* doe his office, but wee shall see all the house rites perform'd; and no doubt a day of jollity and tranquility is here towards.

Ioane. You are so frolick and so crank now, upon the truce is taken amongst us, because our wrangling shall not wrong the Wedding, but take heed (you were best) how ye behave your selfe, lest a day to come may pay for all.

Seel. I feare nothing, and I hope to dye in this humor.

Ioan. Oh how hot am I! I rather then I would dresse such another dinner this twelve moneth, I would wish Wedding quite out of this yeares Almanack.

Seel. Ile fetch a Cup of Sack Wife —

Ioan. How brag he is of his liberty, but the holy day carries it.

Seel. Here, here sweet-heart, they are long me thinks a comming, the Bels have rung out this halfe houre, harke now the wind brings the sound of them sweetly againe.

Ioan. They ring backwards me thinks.

Seel. Ifack they doe, sure the greatest fire in the Parish is in our Kitchin, and there's no harme done yet, and 'tis some merry conceit of the stretcher-roper the Ringers, now they have done, and now the Wedding comes, hearke the Fiders and all, now have I liv'd to see a day, come, take our stand, and be ready for the Bride-cake, which we will so cracke and crumble upon her crowne: o they come, they come.

Enter

Enter Musitians, Lawrence, Parnell, Win. Mal. Spencer, two Country Lasses, Doughty, Greg. Arthur, Shakish, Barton, and Whetstone.

All. Ioy, health, and children to the married paire.

Lawr. & Parn. We thanke you all.

Lawr. So pray come in and fare.

Parn. As well as we and taste of every cate:

Lawr. With bonny Bridegroome and his lovely mate.

Arth. This begins bravely.

Doug. They agree better then the Bells e'ene now, 'slid they rung enably till we were all out of the Church, and then they clatter'd as the divell had beene in the Belfry: on in the name of Wedlocke, Fidlers on.

Lawr. On with your melody.

Brant. Enter the Gates with joy, *The Fidlers passe through,*
And as you enter in play the sack of *Troy*, *and play the battle.*

The Spirit appeares.

Ioan. Welcome Bride *Parnell.*

See. Bridegroome *Lawrence* cheere,
In you before, for we this cake must breake. *Exit Lawrence.*
Over the Bride — *As they lift up the Cake, the Spirit*
Forgi' me- what's become *snatches it, and powres down bran.*
O' th' Cake wife! —

Iane. It slipt out of my hand, and is falne into crums I think.

Doug. Crums! the divell of crum is here, but bran, nothing but bran: what prodigie is this?

Parn. Is my best Brides Cake come to this! o wea warth it.

Exit Parn. Seely, Ioane, and Maides.

Whet. How daintily the Brides haire is powder'd with it.

Arth. My haire stands an end to see it.

Bar. And mine.

Shak. I was never so amaz'd!

Dough. What can it meane?

Greg. Pax, I think not on't, 'tis but some of my Father and Mothers roguery, this is a Law-day with em, to doe what they list.

what, I never feare any thing, so long as any meate hee but bidden me thinke of him, and he'll worke for me.

Dough. Well Gentlemen, let's follow the reste, and feare nothing yet, the house smels well of good cheere.

Seel. Gentlemen, will it please you draw neere, the guests are now all come, and the house almost full, meate's taken up.

Dough. We were now comming.

Seel. But Ionne Gregory, Nephew *Arthur*, and the rest of the young Gentlemen, I shall take it for a favor if you will (it is an office which very good Gentlemen doe in this Country) accompanie the Bridegroome in serving the meate.

All. With all our hearts.

Seely. Nay neighbor *Dough*, your yeares shall excuse you.

Dough. Peugh, I am not so old but I can carry more meate then I can eate, if the young rascals coo'd carry their drinke as well, the Country would be quieter ——

Knocke within, as at dresser.

Seel. Well fare your hearts, —— the dresser calls in Gentlemen,

Exeunt Gentlemen.

'Tis a busie time, yet will I review the Bill of fare, for this dayes dinner —— (*Reades*) for 40. people of the best quality, 4. messes of meat; *viz.* a leg of Mutton in plum-broth, a dish of Marrow-bones, a Capon in White-broth, a Sirloyne of beefe, a Pig, a Goose, a Turkie, and two Pyes: for the second course, to every messe 4. Chickens in a dish, a couple of Rabbets, Custard, Flawn, Florentines, and stewd pruines, —— all very good Country fare, and for my credit,

Enter Musitians playing before, Lawrence, Doughty, Arthur, Shakeoh, Bantam, Whetstone, and Gregory, with dishes: A Spirit (over the doore) does some action to the dishes as they enter.

Law. The feriate omen, O well sayd Mullicke, play up the meat to the Table till all be serv'd in, He see it paide in answer to my bill.

Dough. Hold up your head Mr. Bridegroome.

Lawr. On

Lawr. On afore Fidlers, my doubles cewles in my hands.

Seely. Imprimis, a leg of Mutton in plum-broth, — how now Mr. Bridegroome, what cary you?

Lawr. 'Twere hot ene now, but now it's caw'd as a steane.

Seel. A stone, 'tis horneman. *Lawr.* Aw — *Exit*

Seely. It was Mutton, but now's it's the horns on't. *Fidlers.*

Lawr. Aw where's my Bride — *Exit.*

Dough. Zookes, I brought as good a Surloyne of Beefe from the Dresser as Knife coo'd be put to, and see — Ile stay i' this house no longer.

Arth. And if this were not a Capon in white broth, I am one i' the Coope.

Shak. All, all's transform'd, looke you what I have!

Bant. And I.

Whet. And I! Yet I feare nothing thank my Aunt.

Greg. I had a Pie that is not open'd yet, Ile see what's in that — live Birds as true as I live, look where they flye! *Exit Spirit.*

Dough. Witches, live Witches, the house is full of witches, if we love our lives let's out on't.

Exeunt Iohne and Wife.

Ioan. O husband, O guests, O sonne, O Gentlemen, such a chance in a Kitchin was never heard of, all the meat is flowne out o' the chimney top I thinke, and nothing instead of it, but Snakes, Batts, Frogs, Beetles, Hornets, and Humble-bees; all the Sallets are turn'd to Iewes-eares, Mushromes, and Puckfists, and all the Custards into Cowsheards!

Dought. What shall we doe, dare we stay any longer?

Arth. Dare we! why not, I defie all Witches, and all their workes; their power on our meat, cannot reach our persons.

Whet. I say so too, and so my Aunt ever told me, so long I will feare nothing; be not afrayd Mr. *Doughty.*

Dough. Zookes, I feare nothing living that I can see more then you, and that's nothing at all, but to thinke of these invisible mischiefes, troubles me I confesse.

Arth. Sir I will not goe about to over-rule your reason, but

for

but for my part *I* will not out of a house on a Bridall day, till I see the last man borne.

Dough. Zookes thou art so brave a fellow that I will stick to thee, and if we come off handsomely, I am an old Batchelour thou know'st, and must have an heyre, *I* like thy spirit, where's the Bride? where's the Bridegroome? where's the Musicke? where be the Lasses? ha' you any wine i' the house, though we make no dinner, lets try if we can make an afternoone.

Ioan. Nay sir if you please to stay, now that the many are frighted away, *I* have some good cold meates, and halfe a dozen bottles of VVine.

Seel. And *I* will bid you welcome.

Dough. Say you me so, but will not your sonne be angry, and your daughter chide you.

Greg. Feare not you that sir, for look you *I* obey my Father.

Win. And *I* my Mother.

Ioan. And we are all at this instant as well and as sensible of our former errors, as you can wish us to be.

Dough. Na, if the Witches have but rob'd of your meat, and restor'd your reason, here has beene no hurt done to day, but this is strange, and as great a wonder as the rest to me.

Arth. It seemes though these Hags had power to make the Wedding cheere a *Deceptio visus*, the former store has scap'd 'em.

Dough. I am glad on't, but the divell good 'hem with my Surloyne, *I* thought to have set that by mine owne Trencher —— But you have cold meat you say? *Ioan.* Yes Sir.

Dought. And Wine you say? *Ioane.* Yes sir.

Dought. *I* hope the Country wenches and the Fidlers are not gone.

Win. They are all here, and one the merriest Wench; that makes all the rest so laugh and tickle.

Seel. Gentlemen will you in?

All. Agreed on all parts.

Dought. If not a Wedding we will make a Wake on't, and away with the Witch; *I* feare nothing now you have your wits againe: but look you, hold 'em while you have 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Generous, and Robin, with a Paper.

Gener. I confesse thou hast done a Wonder in fetching me so good Wine, but my good Servant *Robert*, goe not about to put a Myracle upon me, I will rather beleeve that *Lancaster* affords this Wine, which I thought impossible till I tasted it, then that thou coo'dst in one night fetch it from *London.*

Rob. I have known when you have held mee for an honest fellow, and would have beleev'd me.

Gener. Th' art a Knave to wish me to beleeve this, forgi'me, I would have sworne if thou had'st stayd but time answerable for the journey (to his that flew to *Paris* and back to *London* in a day) it had been the same Wine, but it can never fall within the compasse of a Christians beleefe, that thou cou'dst ride above three hundred miles in 8. houres: You were no longer out, and upon one Horse too, and in the Night too!

Rob. And carry a Wench behind me too, and did something else too, but I must not speak of her lest I be divell-torne.

Gen. And fill thy bottles too, and come home halfe drunke too, for so thou art, thou wouldst never a had such a fancy else!

Rob. I am sorry I have sayd so much, and not let *Lancaster* have the credit o' the Wine.

Gen. O are you so! and why have you abus'd me and your selfe then all this while, to glorifie the *Myter* in *Fleet-street*?

Rob. I could say sir, that you might have the better opinion of the Wine, for there are a great many pallats in the Kingdome that can relish no Wine, unlesse it be of such a Taverne, and drawne by such a Drawer ——

Gen. I sayd, and I say againe, if I were within ten mile of *London*, I durst sweare that this was *Myter* Wine, and drawn by honest *Iacke Paine.*

Rob. Nay then sir I swore, and I sweare againe, honest *Iack Paine* drew it.

Gener. Ha, ha, ha, if I coo'd beleeve there were such a thing as Witchcraft, I should thinke this slave were bewitch'd now with an opinion.

Rob. Much

Rob. Much good doe you ſir, your Wine and your mirth, and my place for your next Groome, *I* deſire not to ſtay to be laught out of my opinion.

Gen. Nay be not angry *Robin*, we muſt not part ſo, and how does my honeſt Drawer? ha, ha, ha; and what newes at *London*, *Robin?* ha, ha, ha; but your ſtay was ſo ſhort I think you coo'd heare none, and ſuch your haſte home that you coo'd make none: is't not ſo *Robin*? ha, ha, ha, what a ſtrange fancy has good Wine begot in his head?

Rob. Now will I puſh him over and over with a peece of paper: Yes ſir, *I* have brought you ſomething from *London*.

Gen. Come on, now let me heare.

Rob. Your honeſt Drawer ſir, conſidering that you conſider'd him well for his good wine ——

Gen. VVhat ſhall we heare now?

Rob. VVas very carefull to keepe or convay this paper to you, which it ſeemes you dropt in the roome there.

Gener. Bleſſe me! this paper belongs to me indeed, 'tis an acquittance, and all *I* have to ſhow for the payment of one hundred pound, *I* tooke great care for't, and coo'd not imagine where or how *I* might looſe it, but why may not this bee a tricke? this Knave may finde it when I loſt it, and conceale it till now to come over me withall. *I* will not trouble my thoughts with it further at this time, well *Robin* looke to your buſineſſe, and have a care of my Guelding.

Exit Generous.

Robin. Yes Sir. *I* think *I* have netled him now, but not as *I* was netled laſt night, three hundred Miles a Night upon a Rawbon'd Divell, as in my heart it was a Divell, and then a VVench that ſhar'd more o' my backe then the ſayd Divell did o' my Bum, this is ranke riding my Maſters: but why had *I* ſuch an itch to tell my Maſter of it, and that he ſhould beleeve it; *I* doe now wiſh that *I* had not told, and that hee will not beleeve it, for *I* dare not tell him the meanes: 'Sfoot my Wench and her friends the Fiends, will teare me to peeces if *I* diſcover her; a notable rogue, ſhe's at the VVedding now, for as good a Mayd as the beſt o' em —— O my Miſtreſſe.

Enter Mrs. Generous, with a Bridle.

Mrs. Robin. *Rob.* I Mistresse.

Mrs. Quickly good *Robin*, the gray Guelding.

Rob. VVhat other horse you please Mistresse.

Mrs. And why not that?

Rob. Truly Mistresse pray pardon me, *I* must be plaine with you, *I* dare not deliver him you; my master has tane notice of the ill case you have brought him home in divers times.

Mrs. O is it so, and must he be made acquainted with my actions by you, and must *I* then be controll'd by him, and now by you; you are a sawcy Groome.

Rob. You may say your pleasure. *He turnes from her.*

Mrs. No sir, Ile doe my pleasure. *She Bridles him.*

Rob. Aw.

Mrs. Horse, horse, see thou be,
And where *I* point thee carry me. *Exeunt Neighing.*

Enter Arthur, Shakston, and Bantam.

Arth. VVas there ever such a medley of mirth, madnesse, and drunkennesse, shuffled together.

Shak. Thy Vnckle and Aunt, old Mr. *Seely* and his wife, doe nothing but kisse and play together like Monkeyes.

Arth. Yes, they doe over-love one another now.

Bant. And young *Gregory* and his sister doe as much over-doe their obedience now to their Parents.

Arth. And their Parents as much over-doat upon them, they are all as farre beyond their wits now in loving one another, as they were wide of them before in crossing.

Shak. Yet this is the better madnesse.

Bant. But the married couple that are both so daintily whittled, that now they are both mad to be a bed before Supper-time, and by and by he will, and she wo' not; streight she will and he wo' not, the next minute they both forget they are married, and defie one another.

Arth. My sides cene ake with laughter.

Shak. But the best sport of all is, the old Batchelour Master

Donghy

Doughty, that was so cautious, & fear'd every thing to be witchcraft, is now wound up to such a confidence that there is no such thing, that hee dares the Divell doe his worst, and will not out o'the house by all perswasion, and all for the love of the husbandmans daughter within, *Mal Spencer*.

Arth. There I am in some danger, he put me into halfe a beliefe I shall be his heire, pray love shee be not a witch to charme his love from mee. Of what condition is that wench do'st thou know her?

Sha. A little, but *Whetstone* knowes her better.

Arth. Hang him rogue, he'le belye her, and speak better than she deserves, for he's is love with her too. I saw old *Doughty* give him a box o'the eare for kissing her, and hee turnd about as he did by thee yesterday, and swore his Aunt should know it.

Bant. Who would ha'thought that impudent rogue would have come among us after such a baffle.

Sha. He told me, hee had complain'd to his Aunt on us, and that she would speak with us.

Arth. Wee will all to her to patch vp the businesse, for the respect I beare her husband, noble *Generous*.

Bant. Here he comes.

Enter Whetstone.

Arth. Hearke you Mr. *Byblow* do you know the lasse within? What do you call her, *Mal Spencer*?

Whet. Sir, what I know i'le keepe to my selfe, a good civile merry harmlesse rogue she is, and comes to my Aunt often, and thats all I know by her.

Arth. You doe well to keepe it to your selfe sir.

Whet. And you may do well to question her if you dare. For the testy old coxcombe that will not let her goe out of his hand.

Sha. Take heed, he's at your heels.

Enter Doughty, Mal, and two country Lasses.

Dough. Come away Wenches, where are you Gentlemen? Play Fidlers: lets have a dance; ha my little rogue. *Kisses Mal.* Zookes what styles thy nose?

Mal. My nose! Nothing sit. — *turnes about* — Yet mee thought a flie toucht it. Did you see any thing?

Dow. No, no, yet I would almost ha'sworn, I would not have sprite or goblin blast thy face, for all their kingdome. But hangt there is no such thing: Fidlers will you play?

Selenger's Round.

Gentlemen will you dance? *All.* With all our hearts.

Arth. But stay where's this houshold?
This Family of love? Let's have them into the revels.

Dow. Hold a little then.

Sha. Here they come all
In a True-love knot.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Greg, Win.

Greg. O Father twentie times a day is too little to aske you blessing.

See. Goe too you are a rascall: and you housewife teach your daughter better manners: i'le ship you all for new England els.

Bant. The knot's untied, and this is another change.

Ioane. Yes I will teach her manners, or put her out to spin two penny tow: so you deare husband will but take mee into favor: i'le talke with you dame when the strangers are gone.

Greg. Deare Father.

Win. Deare Mother.

Greg. Win. Deare Father and Mother pardon us but this time.

See. Ioa. Never, and therefore hold your peace.

Dough. Nay thats unreasonable.

Greg. Win. Oh! —— *Weepe.*

See. But for your sake i'le forbeare them, and beare with any thing this day.

Arth. Doe you note this? Now they are all worse than ever they were, in a contrary vaine: What thinke you of Witchcraft now?

Dow. They are all naturall fooles man, I finde it now. Art thou mad to dreame of Witchcraft?

Arth. He's as much chang'd and bewitcht as they I feare.

Dow.

Dough. Hey day! Here comes the payre of boyld Lovers in Sorrell sops.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Lawr. Nay deare hunny, nay hunny, but eunce, eance.

Par. Na, na, I han' swarne, I han' swarne, not a bit afore bed, and look yeou it's but now dauncing time.

Dough. Come away Bridegroome, wee'll stay your stomack with a daunce. Now masters play a good come my Lasse wee'l shew them how 'tis. *Musicke. Selenger's round.*

As they beginne to daunce, they play another tune, then fall into many.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Whether now, hoe?

Dou. Hey day! why you rogues.

VVhet. What do's the Divell ride o'your Fiddlesticks.

Dou. You drunken rogues, hold, hold, I say, and begin againe soberly the beginning of the World.

Musicke. Every one a severall tune.

Arth. Bant. Shak. Ha, ha, ha, How's this?

Bant. Every one a severall tune.

Dou. This is something towards it. I bad them play the beginning o'the World, and they play, I know not what.

Arth No 'tis running o'the country severall waies. But what do you thinke on't. *Musicke ceases.*

Dough Thinke! I thinke they are drunke Prithee doe not thou thinke of Witchcraft; for my part, I shall as soone thinke this maid one, as that theres any in *Lancashire.*

Mal. Ha, ha ha;

Dough. Why do'st thou laugh?

Mal. To thinke this Bridegroome should once ha' bin mine, but he shall rue it, ile hold him this point on't, and thats all I care for him.

Dough. A witty Rogue.

Whet. I tell you sir, they say shee made a payle follow her t'other day up two payre of stayres.

Dough. You lying Rascall.

Arth. O sir forget your anger.

Mal

Mal. Looke you Mr. Bridegroome, what my care provides for you.

Lawrence. What, a point?

Mal. Yes put in in your pocket it may stand you instead anon, when all your points be tane away, to trusse up your trinkits, I meane your slopes withall.

Lawr. *Mal* for awd acquaintance I will ma'thy point a point of preferment. Is shan be the Foreman of a haell Iewrie o'points, and right here will I weare it.

Par. Wy'a, wy'a, awd leove wo no be forgetten, but ay's never be jealous the mare for that.

Arth. Play fidlers any thing.

Dou. I, and lets see your faces, that you play fairely with us.

Musitians shew themselves above.

Fid. We do sir, as loud as we can possibly.

Sha. Play out that we may heare you.

Fid. So we do sir, as loud as we can possibly.

Dough. Doe you heare any thing?

All. Nothing not we sir.

Dough. 'Tis so, the rogues are brib'd to crosse me,
And their Fiddles shall suffer, I will breake em as small as the Bride cake was to day.

Arth. Looke you sir, they'l save you a labour, they are doing it themselves.

Whet. Oh brave Fidlers, there was never better scuffling for the Tudberry Bull.

Mal. This is mother *Iohnson* and Gooddy *Dickisons* roguerie, I finde it, but I cannot helpe it, yet I will have musicke: sir there's a Piper without, would be glad to earne money.

Whet. She has spoke to purpose, & whether this were witchcraft or not: I have heard my Aunt say twentie times, that no Witchcraft can take hold of a *Lancashire* Bag-pipe, for it selfe is able to charme the Divell, ile fetch him.

Dough. Well said, a good boy now; come bride and bridegroome, leave your kissing and fooling, and prepare to come into the daunce. Wee'le have a Horne-pipe, and then a posset and

to bed when you please. Welcome Piper, blow till thy bagge cracke agen, a lusty Horne-pipe, and all into the daunce, nay young and old.

Daunce. Lawrence and Parnell reele in the daunce. At the end, Mal vanishes, & the piper.

All. Bravely performd.

Dou. Stay, wheres my lasse?

Arth. Ban. Shak. Vanisht, she and the Piper both vanisht, no bodie knowes how.

Dou. Now do I plainly perceive again, here has bin nothing but witcherie all this day; therfore into your posset, & agree among your selves as you can, ile out o'the house. And Gentlemen, if you love me or your selves, follow me.

Ar. Ban. Shak. Exeunt. Away, away. *Exeunt.*

See. Now good son, wife, and daughter, let me intreat you be not angry.

Win. O you are a trim mother are you not?

Ioa. Indeed childe, ile do so no more.

Greg. Now sir, i'le talke with you, your champions are al gon.

Lawr. Weell sir, and what wun yeou deow than?

Par. Whay, whay, whats here to doe? Come awaw, and whickly, and see us into our Brayd Chember, & delicatly ludgd togeder, or wee'l whap you out o'dores ith morne to sijourne in the common, come away. *All.* Wee follow yee, *Exeunt.*

Actvs, IIII. Scæna, I.

Enter Mistresse Generous and Robin.

Now you this gingling bridle, if you see't agen? I wanted but a paire of gingling spurs to make you mend your pace, and put you into a sweat.

Robin. Yes, I have reason to know it after my

hard journey, they say there be light women, but for your owne part, though you be merry, Yet I may be sorry for your heavineſſe.

Mrs. Gener. I ſee thou art not quite tyr'd by ſhaking of thy ſelfe, 'tis a ſigne that as thou haſt brought mee hither, ſo thou art able to beare mee backe, and ſo you are like good *Robert*. You will not let me have your maſters gelding, you will not. Wel ſir, as you like this journey, ſo deny him to me hereafter.

Rob. You ſay well miſtreſſe, you have jaded me (a pox take you for a jade.) Now I bethinke my ſelfe how damnably did I ride laſt night, and how divelliſhly have I bin rid now.

Mrs. Doe you grumble you groome? Now the bridle's off, I turne thee to grazing, gramercy my good horſe, I have no better provender for thee at this time, thou had'ſt beſt like *Æſops* Aſſe to feed upon Thiſtles, of which this place will afford thee plenty. I am bid to a better banquet, which done, ile take thee up from graſſe, ſpur quitt, and make a ſhort cut home. Farewell.

Robin. A pox upon your tayle.

Enter all the Witches and Mal, at ſeveralll doores.

All. The Lady of the feaſt is come, welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Is all the cheare that was prepared to grace the wedding feaſt, yet come?

Gooddy Dick. part of it's here. The other we muſt pull for. But whats hee?

Mrs. My horſe, my horſe, ha, ha, ha. *All.* Ha, ha, ha. *Exeunt.*

Rob. My horſe, my horſe, I would I were now ſome country Major, and in authority, to ſee if I would not venter to rowze your Satanicall ſifterhood: Horſe, horſe, ſee thou be, & where I point thee, carry me: is that the trick on't? the divel himſelfe ſhall be her carrier next if I can ſhun her: & yet my Mr. will not beleeve theres any witches: theres no running away, for I neither know how nor whether, beſides to my thinking, theres a deepe ditch, & a hye quick-ſet about mee, how ſhall I paſſe the time? What place is this? it looks like an old barne: ile peep in at ſome cranny or other, and try if I can ſee what they are doing. Such a bevy of beldames did I never behold, and cramming like

like so many Cormorants: Marry choke you with a mischiefe.

Gooddy Dickison. Whoope, whurre, heres a sturre, never a cat, never a curre, but that we must have this demurre.

Mal. A second course.

Mrs. Gen. Pull, and pull hard
For all that hath lately bin prepar'd
For the great wedding feast.

Mal. As chiefe.
Of Doughtyes Sirloine of rost Beefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Meg. 'Tis come, 'tis come.

Mawd. Where hath it all this while beene?

Meg. Some
Delay hath kept it, now 'tis here,
For bottles next of wine and beere,
The Merchants cellers they shall pay for't.

Mrs. Gener. Well,
What sod or rost meat more, pray tell.

Good. Dick. Pul for the Poultry, Foule, & Fish,
For emptie shall not be a dish.

Robin. A pox take them, must only they feed upon hot meat, and I upon nothing but cold sallads

Mrs. Gener. This meat is tedious, now some Farie,
Fetch what belongs unto the Dairie.

Mal. Thats Butter, Milk, Whey, Curds and Cheese,
Wee nothing by the bargaine leese.

All. Ha, ha, ha. *Goody Dickison.* Boy, theres meat for you.

Boy. Thanke you.

Gooddy Dickis. And drinke too.

Meg. What Beast was by thee hither rid?

Mawd. A Badger nab.

Meg. And I bestrid
A Porcupine that never prickt.

Mal. The dull sides of a Beare I kickt.
I know how you rid Lady Nan,

Mrs. Gen. Ha, ha, ha, upon the knave my man.

Rob. A murrein take you, I am ſure my hoofes payd for't.

Boy. Meat lie there, for thou haſt no taſte, and drinke there, for thou haſt no reliſh, for in neither of them is there either ſalt or ſavour.

All. Pull for the poſſet, pull.

Robin. The brides poſſet on my life, nay if they come to their ſpoone meat once, I hope theil breake up their feaſt preſently.

Mrs. Gen. So thoſe that are our waiters here,
Take hence this Wedding cheere.
We will be lively all, and make this barn our hall.

Gooddy Dick. You our Familiers, come.
In ſpeech let all be dumbe,
And to cloſe up our Feaſt,
To welcome every geſt
A merry round let's daunce.

Meg. Some Muſicke then ith aire
Whileſt thus by paire and paire,
We nimbly foot it; ſtrike. *Muſick.*

Mal. We are obeyd.

Sprite. And we hels miniſters ſhall lend our aid.

Dance and Song together. In the time of which the Boy ſpeakes.

Boy. Now whileſt they are in their jollitie, and do not mind me, ile ſteale away, and ſhift for my ſelfe, though I loſe my life for't. *Exit.*

Meg. Enough, enough, now part,
To ſee the brides vext heart,
The bridegroomes too and all,
That vomit up their gall
For lacke o'th wedding chere.

Gooddy Dickiſon. But ſtay, wheres the *Boy*, looke out, if he eſcape us, we are all betrayed.

Meg. No following further, yonder horſemen come,
In vaine is our purſuit, let's breake up court.

Gooddy Dickiſon. Where ſhall we next meet?

Mand. At Mil[illegible]

Meg. But when? *Mrs.* At Night.
Meg. To horse, to horse.
2. Where's my *Mamilion.*
1. And my *Incubus?* *Robin stands amaz'd at this.*
3. My Tyger to be kill'd. *Meth.* My Puggie.
Mrs. Gen. My horse. *All.* Away, away,
The night we have Feasted, now comes on the day.
Mrs. Come sirrah, stoope your head like a tame jade,
Whil'st *I* put on your Bridle.
Rob. I pray Mistresse ride me as you would be rid.
Mrs. That's at full speed,
Rob. Nay then lle my Conclusions. *A great noyse*
Mare Mare, see thou be, *within at their parting.*
And where *I* point thee carry me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Generous, making himready.

Gen. I see what Man is loath to entertaine,
Offers it selfe to him most frequently,
And that which we most covet to embrace,
Doth seldome court us, and proves most averse;
For *I*, that never coo'd conceive a thought
Of this my woman worthy a rebuke,
(As one that in her youth bore her so fairely
That she was taken for a seeming Saint)
To render me such just occasion,
That *I* should now distrust her in her age:
Distrust! *I* cannot, that would bring me in
The poore aspersion of fond jealousie;
Which even from our first meeting *I* abhorr'd.
The Gentile fashion sometimes we observe
To sunder beds, but most in these hot monthes
Iune, July, August, so we did last night.
Now *I* (as ever tender of her health)
And therefore rising early as I use,
Entring her Chamber to bestow on her
A custom'd Visite; finde the Pillow lowell'd,

Vnbruis'd with any weight, the sheets unrumpled,
The Curtaines neither drawne, nor bed layd down;
Which showes, she slept not in my house to night.
Should there be any contract betwixt her
And this my Groome, to abuse my honest trust,
I should not take it well, but for all this
Yet cannot I be jealous. *Robin* —

Enter Robin.

Gen. Is my horse safe, lusty, and in good plight?
What, feeds he well?

Rob. Yes sir, he's broad buttock'd and full flanck'd, he doth not bate an ace of his flesh.

Gen. When was he rid last?

Rob. Not sir since you backt him.

Gen. Sirrah, take heed I finde you not a Knave.
Have you not lent him to your Mistresse late?
So late as this last Night?

Rob. Who I sir, may I dye sir, if you finde me in a lye sir,

Gener. Then I shall finde him where I left him last.

Robin. No doubt Sir.

Gener. Give me the Key o'th Stable.

Robin. There Sir.

Gen. Sirrah, your Mistresse was abroad all night,
Nor is she yet come home, if there I finde him not,
I shall finde thee, what to this present houre
I never did suspect; and I must tell theee
Will not be to thy profit. *Exit.*

Rob. Well sir, finde what you can, him you shall finde, and what you finde else; it may be for that, instead of Gramercy horse, you may say Gramercy *Robin*; you will beleeve there are no Witches! had I not been late brideled, I cou'd have sayd more, but I hope she is ty'd to the racke that will confesse something, and though not so much as *I* know, yet no more then *I* dare justifie ——

Enter Generous.

Have you found your Gelding sir? *Gen.* Yes, I have.

Rob. I

Rob. I hope not spurr'd, nor put into a sweat, you may see by his plump belly and sleeke legs he hath not bin sore travail'd.

Gener. Y'are a lawcy Groome to receive horses
Into my Stable, and not aske me leave.
Is't for my profit to buy Hay and Oates
For every strangers jades?

Rob. I hope sir you finde none feeding there but your owne, if there be any you suspect, they have nothing to champe on, but the Bridle.

Gener. Sirrah, whose jade is that ty'd to the Racke?

Rob. The Mare you meane sir?

Gener. Yes, that old Mare.

Rob. Old doe you call her? You shall finde the marke still in her mouth, when the Bridle is out of it? I can assure you 'tis your owne Beast.

Gen. A beast thou art to tell me so, hath the wine
Not yet left working? not the *Myter* wine?
That made thee to beleeve VVitcheraft?
Prithee perswade me,
To be a drunken Sot like to thy selfe;
And not to know mine owne.

Rob. Ile not perswade you to any thing, you will beleeve nothing but what you see, I say the Beast is your owne, and you have most right to keepe her, shee hath cost you more the currying, then all the Combs in your Stable are worth. You have paid for her Provender this twentie yeares and upwards, and furnisht her with all the Caparisons that she hath worne, of my Knowledge, and because she hath been ridden hard the last Night, doe you renounce her now?

Gener. Sirrah, *I* feare some stolne jade of your owne
That you would have me keepe.

Rob. *I* am sure *I* found her no jade the last time *I* rid her, she carried me the best part of a hundred Miles in lesse then a quarter of an houre.

Gener. The divell she did!

Robin. Yes sir, I say, either the divell or she did; an't please you walke in and take off her Bridle, and then tell me who hath more right to her, you or I.

Gen. A Bridle, hence incontinent.

Gen. VVell *Robert*, for this once Ile play the Groome,
And doe your office for you. *Exit.*

Rob. I pray doe Sir, but take heed lest when the Bridle is out of her mouth, she put it not into yours; if she doe, you are a gone man: if she but say once — Horse, horse, see thou be. Be you rid (if you please) for me.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Mrs. Generous, he with a Bridle.

Gen. My blood is turn'd to Ice, and my all vitals
Have ceas'd their working! dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation; VVhich till now
Exprest a life within me: I me thinks
Am a meere Marble statue, and no man;
Vnweave my age O time, to my first thread;
Let me loose fiftie yeares in ignorance spent:
That being made an infant once againe,
I may begin to know, what? or where am I
To be thus lost in wonder. *Mrs. Gen.* Sir.
Gen. Amazement still pursues me, how am I chang'd
Or brought ere I can understand my selfe,
Into this new VVorld.

Rob. You will beleeve no VVitches?

Gen. This makes me beleeve all, I any things:
And that my selfe am nothing: prithee *Robin*
Lay me to my selfe open, what art thou,
Or this new transform'd Creature?

Rob. I am *Robin*, and this your wife, my Mrs.

Gen. Tell me the Earth
Shall leave it's seat, and mount to kisse the Moone;
Or that the Moone turn'd out'd of the Earth,
Shall leave her sphere, to stoope to us thus low.
VVhat? what's this in my hand, that at an instant
Can from a foure leg'd Creature, make a thing
So like a wife? *Rob.* A Bridle, a jugling Bridle Sir.

Gen. A Bridle, hence inchantment,

A Viper were more safe within my hand *Casts it a-*
Then this charm'd Engine *way. Robin takes it up.*

Rob. Take heed Sir what you do, if you cast it hence, and she catch it up, we that are here now, may be rid as far as the *Indies* within these few houres, Mistresse down of your Mares bones, or your Mary-bones whether you please, and confesse your selfe to be what you are; and that's in plaine *English* a Witch, a grand notarius Witch.

Gen. A Witch! my wife a Witch!

Rob. So it appeares by the storie.

Gener. The more I strive to unwinde
My selfe from this *Meander*; I the more
Therein am intricated; prithee woman
Art thou a Witch?

Mrs. It cannot be deny'd, I am such a curst Creature.

Gen. Keep aloofe, and doe not come too neare me, O my
Have I since first I understood my selfe, (trust;
Bin of my soule so charie, still to studie
What best was for it's health, to renounce all
The workes of that black Fiend with my best force
And hath that Serpent twin'd me so about,
That I must lye so often and so long
With a Divell in my bosome! *Mrs.* Pardon sir.

Gen. Pardon! Can such a thing as that be hop'd?
Lift up thine eyes (lost woman) to yon Hils;
It must be thence expected: look not down
Vnto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast sought
At such deare rate to purchase, prithee tell me,
(For now I can beleeve) art thou a Witch? *Mrs.* I am.

Gen. VVith that word I am thunderstrooke,
And know not what to answer, yet resolve me
Hast thou made any contract with that Fiend
The Enemy of Mankind?

Mrs. O I have.

Gen. What? and how farre?

Mrs. I have promis'd him my soule.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy Body had

Bin promis'd to the Stake, I and mine too,
To have ſuffer'd with thee in a hedge of flames:
Then ſuch a compact ever had bin made. Oh——

Rob. What cheere ſir, ſhow your ſelfe a man, though ſhe appear'd ſo late a Beaſt; Miſtreſſe confeſſe all, better here than in a worſe place, out with it.

Gen. Reſolve me, how farre doth that contract ſtretch?

Mrs. What intereſt in this Soule, my ſelfe coo'd claime
I freely gave him, but his part that made it
I ſtill reſerve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning Divell, fooliſh woman know
Where he can clayme but the leaſt little part;
He will uſurpe the whole; th'art a loſt woman.

Mrs. I hope not ſo.

Gen. Why haſt thou any hope?

Mrs. Yes Sir I have.

Gen. Make it appeare to me.

Mrs. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further then penitent teares have power to quench.

Gen. I would ſee ſome of them.

Mrs. You behold them now.
(If you looke on me with charitable eyes)
Tinctur'd in blood, blood iſſuing from the heart,
Sir I am ſorry; when I looke towards Heaven
I beg a gracious Pardon; when on you
Me thinkes your Native goodneſſe ſhould not be
Leſſe pittifull than they: 'gainſt both I have err'd.
From both *I* beg attonement.

Gener. May *I* preſum't?

Mrs. *I* kneele to both your Mercies.

Gener. Know'ſt thou what a VVitch is?

Mrs. Alas, None better,
Or after mature recollection can be
More ſad to thinke on't.

Gen. Tell me, are thoſe teares
As full of true hearted penitence,
As mine of ſorrow, to behold what ſtate

What desperate state th'art falne in.

Mrs. Sir they are.

Gen. Rise, and as I doe, so heaven pardon me;
We all offend, but from such falling off,
Defend us. Well, *I* doe remember wife,
When *I* first tooke thee, 'twas for good and bad;
O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
As then we past our faiths, till Death us sever.
I will not aggravate thy griefe too much,
By Needles iteration: *Robin* hereafter
Forget thou hast a tongue, if the least Syllable
Of what hath past be rumour'd, you loose me;
But if I finde you faithfull, you gaine me ever.

Rob. A match sir, you shall finde me as mute, as if I had the Bridle still in my mouth.

Gen. O woman thou had'st need to weepe thy selfe
Into a fountaine, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisible flames
In which my eyes shall ayde; too little all,
If not too little, all's forgiven, forgot;
Only thus much remember, thou had'st extermin'd
Thy selfe out of the blest society
Of Saints and Angels, but on thy repentance
I take thee to my Bosome, once againe,
My wife, sister, and daughter: saddle my Gelding,
Some businesse that may hold me for two dayes
Calls me aside. *Exeunt.*

Rob. *I* shall Sir, well now my Mistresse hath promis'd to give over her Witchery, *I* hope though *I* still continue her man, yet she will make me no more her journey-man: to prevent which the first thing *I* doe shall be to burne the Bridle, and then away with the Witch. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur and Doughty.

Arth. Sir you have done a right noble courtesie, which deserves a memory, as long as the name of friendship can beare mention.

Dough. What *I* have done, *I* ha' done, if it be well, 'tis well, *I* doe not like the bouncing of good Offices, if the little care *I* have taken shall doe these poore people good, *I* have my end in't, and so my reward.

Enter Bantam.

Bant. Now Gentlemen, you seeme very serious.

Arth. 'Tis true we are so, but you are welcome to the knowledge of our affayres.

Bant. How does thine Vncle and Aunt, *Gregory* and his sister, the Families of *Seelyes* agree yet, can you tell?

Arth. That is the businesse, the *Seely* household is divided now.

Bant. How so *I* pray?

Arth. You know, and cannot but with pitty know
Their miserable condition, how
The good old couple were abus'd, and how
The young abus'd themselves; if we may say
That any of hem are their selves at all
Which sure we cannot, nor approve them fit
To be their owne disposers, that would give
The governance of such a house and living
Into their Vassailes hands, to thrust them out on't
VVithout or Law or order, this consider'd
This Gentleman and my selfe have taken home
By faire entreaty, the old folkes to his house,
The young to mine, untill some wholesome order
By the judicious of the Common-wealth,
Shall for their persons and estate be taken.

Bant. But what becomes of *Lawrence* and his *Parnell?*
The lusty couple, what doe they now?

Dough. Alas poore folks, they are as farre to seeke of how they doe, or what they doe, or what they should doe, as any of the rest, they are all growne *Ideots*, and till some of these damnable jades, with their divellish devises bee found out, to discharme them, no remedy can be found, *I* mean to lay the Country for their Hagships, and if *I* can anticipate the purpose, of their grand Mr. Divell to confound 'em before their leafe be out, be sure ile do't.

A shout within.

Cry. A Skimington, a Skimmington, a Skimington.

Dough. Whats the matter now, is Hell broke loose?

Enter Mr Shakstone.

Arth. Tom Shakstone, how now, canst tell the newes?

Sha. The news, ye heare it up i'th aire, do you not?

Within. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skimington.

Sha. Hearke ye, do you not heare it? t heres a Skimington, towards gentlemen. *Dou.* Ware Wedlocke hoe.

Bant. At whose suit I prithee is Don Skimington come to towne.

Sha. Ile tell you gentlemen, since you have taken home old *Seely* and his wife to your house, and you their son and daughter to yours, the house-keepers *Lawrence*, and his late bride *Parnell* are fallen out by themselves.

Arth. How prithee?

Sha. The quarell began they say upon the wedding night, and in the bride bed. *Bant.* For want of bedstaves?

Sha. No but a better implement it seemes the bridegroome was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell.

Dou. Now out upon her shee has a greedy worme in her, I have heard the fellow complain'd on, for an over mickle man among the maids.

Arth. Is his haste to goe to bed at afternoone come to this now?

Dough. Witchery, witchery, more witcherie still flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpeece point the young jade gave him at the wedding: shee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the World.

Arth. A ligatory point.

Bant. Alas poore *Lawrence*.

Sha. He's comming to make his mone to you about it, and she too, since you have taken their masters & mistresses to your care, you must do them right too.

Dough. Marry but ile not undertake her at these yeares, if lusty *Lawrence* cannot do't.

Bant. But has she beaten him?

Sha. Grievously broke his head in I know not how many places: of which the hoydens have taken notice, and will have a Skimmington on horse-backe presently. Looke ye, here comes both plaintiffe and defendant.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Dough. How now *Lawrence*, what has thy wedlock brought thee already to thy night-cap?

Lawr. Yie gadwat sir, I ware wadded but aw to seun.

Par. Han yeou reeson to complayne or ay. trow yeou gaffer Downought? Wa warth the day that ever I wadded a Downought.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Nay hold *Parnel* hold.

Dough. We have heard enough of your valour already, wee know you have beaten him, let that suffice.

Parn. Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as av ware unto a swagbellied Carle that cannot aw waw that cannot.

Dou. What saies she?

Dou. I know not, she catterwawles I think. *Parnel* be patient good *Parnell*, and a little modest too, 'tis not amisse, wee know not the relish of every eare that heares vs, lets talke within our selves. Whats the defect? Whats the impediment? *Lawrence* has had a lusty name among the Batchellors.

Par. What he ware when he ware a Batchelor, I know better than the best maid ith tawne. I wad I had not.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace *Parnell.*

Par. 'Tware that, that cossen'd me, he has not now as he had than?

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace good *Parnell.*

Parn. For then he could, bnt now he connot, he connot.

Ar. Ba. Sha Fie *Parnel* fie. *Par.* I say agean and agean, hee connot, he connot.

Ar. Ba Sha. Alas poore *Parnel.*

Par. I am not a bit the better for him sin wye ware wad. *Cries*

Dou. Heres good stuffe for a jurie of women to passe upon.

Arth. But *Parnel*, why have you beaten him so grievously? What would you have him doe in this case?

Dou. He's out of a doing case it seemes.

Par.

Par. Marry sir, and beat him will I into his grave, or backe to the Prieſt, and be unwaddded agone, for I wonot bee baund to lig with him and live with him. the laiſe of an honeſt woman for aw the layves good i' *Loncóſhire.*

Don. An honeſt woman: thats a good mind *Parnel* What ſay you to this *Lawrence*?

Law. Keepe her of o'me, and I ſhan teln veou, and ſhe be by I am no body: But keep her off and ſearch me, let me be ſearcht as never witch was ſearcht, and finde ony thing mor or laſſe upo me than a ſufficient mon ſhold have, and let me be honckt by't.

Art. Do you heare this *Parnell*?

Par. Ah leear, leear, deell tacke the leear, troiſt yee and hong yee.

Don. Alaſſe it is too plaine, the poore fellow is bewitcht. Heres a plaine *Maleficium verſus hanc* now.

Ar. And ſo is ſhe bewitcht too into this immodeſty.

Ban. She would never talke ſo elſe

Law. I prayn yeow gi' me the lere o'that Latine ſir.

Dough. The meaning is, you muſt get halfe a dozen baſtards Within this twelvemoneth, and that will mend your next mariage.

Law. And I thought it would ma' *Parnel*, love me i'd be ſure on't, and gang about it now right.

Sha. Y'are ſoone provided it ſeems for ſuch a journey.

Don Beſt tarry till thy head be whole *Lawrence.*

Pa. Nay, nay, ay's white eaſten away ent I be vnwadded agem. And then ine undertaek to find 3 better husbands in a bean cod.

Sha. Hearke gentlemen, the ſhew is comming.

Ar. What ſhall we ſtay & ſee't. *Ban.* O by all means Gent.

Don. 'Tis beſt to have theſe away firſt.

Par. Nay mary ſhan veou not ſir, I heare yeou well enogh, & I con the meaning o'the ſhow well enogh, & I ſtay not the ſhow & ſee not the ſhow, & ma'one i'the ſhow, let me be honckt up for a ſhow ile ware them to mel or ma with a woman that mels or mae's with a teſtril a longie, a dowlittle loſell that connot, & if I skim not their skimingtons cockskeam for't, ma that warplin boggle me a week lonker, & thats a curſe eno' for any wife I tro.

Don.

Dough. Agreed, perhaps 'twill mend the ſport.

Enter drum (beating before) a Skimington, and his wife on a horſe; Divers country ruſticks (as they paſſe) Par. (puls Skimington of the horſe: and Law. Skimingtons wife: they beat em. Drum beats alar. horſe comes away: The hoydens at firſt oppoſe the Gentlemen: who draw: the clownes vaile bonnet, (make a ring Par. and Skim. fight.

Dou. Beat drum alarum.
Enough, enough, here my maſters: now patch up your ſhew if you can, and catch your horſe again, and when you have done drinke that. *Rabble.* Thanke your worſhip. *Exeunt ſhout.*

Par. Lat'hem as they laik this gang a proceſſion with their aydoll Skimington agean. *Arth. Parnel.* thou didſt bravely.

Parn. I am ſure I han drawne blood o'theyr aydoll.

Law. And I thinke I tickled his waiſe.

Par. Yie to be ſure, yeou bene eane of the owd ticklers. But with what con yeou tell?

Law Yieu with her owne ladel.

Par. Yie marry a ladell is ſomething.

Dou. Come you have both done well, goe in to my houſe, ſee your old maſter and miſtreſſe, while I travell a courſe to make yee all well againe, I will now a witch hunting.

Par. Na courſe for husbut to be unwadded agone.

Arth Sha. Bant. Wee are for *Whet.* and his Aunt youknow.

Dou. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Generous, and Mal. Spencer.

Welcome, welcome, my girle, what hath thy puggy yet ſuckt upon thy pretty duggy?

Mal All's well at home, and abroad too. What ere I bid my Pug, hee'l doo. You ſent for mee?

Mrs. I did.

Mal. And why?

Mrs. Wench ile tell thee, thou and I Will walk a little, how doth *Meg?* And her Mamillion. *Mal.* Of one leg Shee's growne lame.

Mrs

Mrs. Because the beast
Di misse us last *Goodfriday* Feast,
I gest as much.
Mal. But *All-Saints* night
She met though she did halt downe right.
Mrs. *Dickison* and *Hargreave* prithee tel
How do they?
Mal. All about us well.
But Puggy whisperd in mine eare
That you of late were put in feare.
Mrs. The slave my man.
Mal. Who *Robin? Mrs.* Hee.
Mal. My Sweet-heart?
Mrs. Such a tricke serv'd me.
Mal. About the bridle, now alacke.
Mrs. The villain brought me to the rack.
Tyed was I both to rack and manger
Mal. But thence how scap't you?
Mrs. Without danger, I thank my spirit. *Mal.* I but than
How pacified was your good man?
Mrs. Some passionate words mixt with forc't tears
Did so inchant his eyes and eares
I made my peace, with promise never
To doe the like; but once and ever
A Witch thou know'st. Now understand
New businesse wee tooke in hand.
My Husband packt out of the towne
Know that the house, and all's our owne.

Enter Wheestone.

Whet. Naunt, is this your promise Naunt? (What *Mal*! How doest thou *Mal*?) You told mee you would put a tricke upon these Gentlemen, whom you made me invite to supper, who abused and called me bastard. (And when shall I get one upon thee my sweet Rogue.) And that you would doe I know not what; for you would not tell mee what you would doe. And shall you and I never have any doing together) supper is done, and the table ready to withdraw. And I am risen the earliest

from the boord, and yet for ought I can see I am never a whit the neerer What not one kisse at parting Mr.

Mrs. Well Cozen this is all you have to do:
Retire the Gallants to some privat roome,
Where call for wine, and junckets what you please,
Then thou shalt need to do no other thing
Than what this note directs thee, observe that
And trouble me no farther.

Whet. Very good, I like this beginning well: for where they sleighted me before, they shall finde me a man of note. *Exit.*

Mal. Of this the meaning.

Mrs. Marry Lasse
To bring a new conceit to passe.
Thy Spirit I must borrow more,
To fill the number three or foure;
Whom we will use to no great harm,
Only assist me with thy charme.
This night wee'l celebrate to sport
'Tis all for mirth, we mean no hurt.

Mal. My Spirit and my selfe command,
Mamillion, & the rest at hand, shall all assist.

Mrs. Withdraw then, quicke,
Now gallants, ther's for you a trick. *Exeunt.*

Enter Whetstone, Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam.

Whet. Heer's a more privat roome gentlemen, free from the noise of the Hall. Here we may talke, and throw the chamber out of the casements. Some wine and a more banquet.

Enter with a Banquet, Wine, and two Tapers.

Whet. So now leave us.

Arth. VVee are much bound to you master *Whetstone*
For this great entertainment: I see you command
The house in the absence of your vnkle.

Whet. Yes, I thanke my Aunt, for though I be but a daily guest yet I can be welcome to her at midnight.

Shak. How shall we passe the time?

Bant. In some discourse.

Whet. But no such discourse as we had last, I beseech you.

Bant. Now master *Whetstone* you reflect on me.
'Tis true, at our last meeting some few words
Then past my lips, which I could wish forgot:
I thinke I call'd you Bastard.

Whet. I thinke so too; but whats that amongst friends, for I would faine know which amongst you all knowes his owne father.

Bant. You are merrie with your friends, good master *By-Blow*, and wee are guests here in your Vnckles house, and therefore priviledged.

Enter Mistresse Generous, Mal and Spirits.

Whet. I presume you had no more priviledge in your getting than I. But tell me gentlemen, is there any man here amongst you, that hath a minde to see his father?

Bant. Why, who shall shew him?

VVhet. Thats all one; if any man here desire it, let him but speake the word, and 'tis sufficient.

Bant. Why, I would see my father.

Mistresse Gener. Strike. *Musique.*

Enter a Pedant dauncing to the musique; the strain don, he points at Bantam, & looks full in his face.

VVhet. Doe you know him that lookes so full in your face;

Bant. Yes well, a pedant in my fathers house.
Who beeing young, taught me my A, B, C.

Whet. In his house, that goes for your father you would say: For know one morning, when your mothers husband rid early to have a *Nisi prius* tryed at *Lancaster* Syzes, hee crept into his warme place, lay close by her side, and then were you got. Then come, your heeles and tayle together, and kneele unto your own deare father.

All. Ha,ha,ha. *Bant.* I am abuſed.

Whet. Why laugh you Gentlemen? It may be more mens caſes than his or mine. *Bant.* To be thus geer'd.

Arth. Come, take it as a jeſt
For I preſume 'twas meant no otherwiſe.

Whet. Would either of you two now ſee his father in earneſt

Shak. Yes, canſt thou ſhew me mine? *Mrs. Gen.* Strike.

Enter a nimble Taylor dauncing, uſing the ſame poſture to Shakſtone.

Whet. Hee lookes on you, ſpeake, doe you know him?

Shak. Yes, he was my mothers Taylor, I remember him ever ſince I was a childe.

Whet. Who when hee came to take meaſure of her upper parts had more minde to the lower, whileſt the good man was in the fields hunting, he was at home whoring.
Then, ſince no better comfort can be had,
Come downe, come downe, aske bleſſing of your dad.

All. Ha,ha,ha. *Bant.* This cannot be indur'd.

Arth. It is plaine Witchcraft.
Nay ſince we all are bid unto one feaſt,
Lets fare alike, come ſhew me mine too.

Mrs Gener. Strike.

Enter Robin with a ſwitch and a Currycombe, he points at Arthur.

Whet. He points at you.

Arth. What then?

Whet. You know him.

Arth. Yes, *Robin* the groome belonging to this houſe.

Whet. And never ſerved your father?

Arth. In's youth I thinke he did.

Whet. Who when your ſuppoſed father had buſineſſe at the Lord Preſidents Court in Yorke, ſtood for his Atturney at home, & ſo it ſeems you were got by deputy: what all a mort? if

you will have but a little patience, stay & you shall see mine too:
And know I shew you him the rather,
To finde who hath the best man to his Father.
Mrs. Strike ——

Mitsicke. Enter a Gallant, as before to him.

Whet. Now Gentlemen make me your President, learne your duties, and doe as I doe —— A blessing Dad.
Whet. Come, come, let's home, we'l finde some other time,
When to dispute of these things.
Whet. Nay Gent. no parting in spleene, since we have begun in mirth, let's not end in melancholy: you see there are more By-blowes than beare the name: It is grown a great kindred in the Kingdome. Come, come, all friends; Let's into the Cellar and conclude our Revels in a lusty health.
Shak. I faine would strike, but cannot.
Bowt. Some strange fate holds me.
Arth. Here then all anger end,
Let none be mad at what they cannot mend. *Exeunt.*

Mal. Now say what's next?
Mrs. I'th' Mill there lyes
A Souldier yet with unscratcht eyes,
Summon the Sister-hood together
For we with all our Spirits will thither;
And such a Catterwalling keepe,
That he in vaine shall thinke to sleepe.
Call *Meg*, and *Doll*, *Tib*, *Mab* and *Hugs*
Let none appeare without her Pug.
We'l try our utmost Art and skill.
To fright the stout Knave in the Mill. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS, V. SCENA, I.

Enter Doughty, Miller, Boy in a Cart.

Doughty.

THou art a brave Boy, the honour of thy Country; thy Statue shall be set up in braſſe upon the Market Croſſe in *Lancaſter*, I bleſſe the time that I anſwered to the Name by thee: Bookes did never thinke that a Godſon of mine ſhould have fought hand to fiſt with the Divell!

Mil. He was ever an unhappy Boy Sir, and like enough to grow acquainted with him; and friends may fall out ſometimes.

Dought. Thou art a dogged Sire, and doeſt not know the vertue of my Godſonne, my ſonne now; he ſhall be thy ſonne no longer: he and I will worry all the Witches in *Lancaſhire*.

Mil. You were beſt take heed though.

Dough. I care not, though we leave not above three untainted women in the Pariſh, we'll doe it.

Mil. Doe what you pleaſe Sir, there's the Boy ſtout enough to juſtifie any thing he has ſayd. Now 'tis out, he ſhould be my Sonne ſtill by that: Though he was at Death's dore before he would reveale any thing, the damnable Jades had ſo threatned him, and as ſoone as ever he had told he mended.

Dought. 'Tis well he did ſo, we will ſo ſwing them in two-penny halters Boy.

Mil. For my part I have no reaſon to hinder any thing that may root them all out; I have taſted enough of their miſchiefe, witneſſe my uſage i' th Mill, which could be nothing but their Roguerie. One night in my ſleepe they ſet me a ſtride ſtark naked a top of my Mill, a bitter cold night too; 'twas daylight before I waked, and I durſt never ſpeake of it to this houre, becauſe I thought it impoſſible to be beleeved.

Dough. Vil-

Dought. Villanous Hags!

Mil. And all last Summer, my Wife could not make a bit of (butter.

Dough. It would not come, would it?

Mill. No Sir, we could not make it come, though she and I both together, churn'd almost our harts out, and nothing would come, but all ran into thin watcrish geere: the Pigges would not drinke it.

Dought. Is't possible?

Mil, None but one, and he ran out of his wits upon't, till we bound his head, and laye him a sleepe, but he has had a wry mouth ever since.

Dought. That the Divell should put in their hearts to delight in such Villanies! I have sought about these two dayes, and heard of a hundred such mischievous tricks, though none mortall, but could not finde whom to mistrust for a Witch till now this boy, this happy boy informes me.

And they should neere have been sought for me if their affrightments and divellish devices, had not brought my Boy into such a sickness, Whereupon indeed I thought good to acquaint your worship, and bring the Boy unto you being his Godfather, and as you now stick not to say his Father.

Dought. After you I thanke you Gossip. But my Boy thou hast satisfied me in their names, and thy knowledge of the women, their turning into shapes, their dog-trickes, and their horse trickes, and their great Feast in the Barne (a pox take them with my Surloyne, I say still.) But a little more of thy combat with the Divell, I prithee; he came to thee like a Boy thou sayest, about thine owne bignesse?

Boy. Yes Sir, and he asked me where I dwelt, and what my name was. *Dough.* Ah Rogue!

Boy. But it was in a quarrelsome way; Whereupon I was as stout, and ask'd him who made him an examiner?

Dough. Ah good Boy.

Mil. In that he was my Sonne.

Boy. He told me he would know or beat it out of me, And I told him he should not, and bid him doe his worst; And to't we went.

Dought. In

Dough. In that he was my sonne againe, ha boy; I see him at it now.

Boy. VVe fought a quarter of an houre, till his sharpe nailes made my eares bleed.

Dough. O the grand Divell pare 'em.

Boy. I wondred to finde him so strong in my hands, seeming but of mine owne age and bignesse, till I looking downe, perceived he had clubb'd cloven feet like Oxe feet; but his face was as young as mine.

Dought. A pox, but by his feet, he may be the Club-footed Horse-coursers father, for all his young lookes.

Boy. But I was afraid of his feet, and ran from him towards a light that I saw, and when I came to it, it was one of the VVitches in white upon a Bridge, that scar'd me backe againe, and then met me the Boy againe, and he strucke me and layd mee for dead.

Mil. Till I wondring at his stay, went out and found him in the Trance; since which time, he has beene haunted and frighted with Goblins, 40. times, and never durst tell any thing (as I sayd) because the Hags had so threatned him till in his sicknes he revealed it to his mother.

Dough. And she told no body but folkes on't. VVell Gossip *Gretty*, as thou art a Miller, and a close thiefe, now let us keepe it as close as we may till we take 'hem, and see them handsomly hanged o'the way: Ha my little Cuffe-divell, thou art a made man. Come, away with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Souldier.

Sould. These two nights I have slept well and heard no noise
Of Cats, or Rats; most sure the fellow dream't,
And scratcht himselfe in 's sleep. I have traveld' Desarts,
Beheld Wolves, Beares, and Lyons: Indeed what not?
Of horrid shape; And shall *I* be afrayd
Of Cats in mine owne Country? *I* can never
Grow so Mouse-hearted. It is now a Calme
And no winde stirring, *I* can beare no sayle;

Then

Then beſt lye downe to ſleepe. Nay reſt by me
Good *Morglay*, my Comrague and Bedfellow
That never fayl'd me yet; *I* know thou did'ſt not.
If *I* be wak'd, ſee thou be ſtirring too;
Then come a *Gib* as big as *Aſcapart*
VVe'l make him play at Leap-frog. A brave Souldiers lodging,
The floore my Bed, a Milſtone for my Pillow,
The Sayles for Curtaynes. So good night. *Lyes downe.*

Enter Mrs. Generous, Mall, *all the VVitches and their Spirits (at ſeverall dores.)*

Mrs. Is *Nab* come? *Mal.* Yes.
Mrs. Where's *Jug*? *Mal.* On horſeback yet,
Now lighting from her Broome-ſtaffe.
Mrs. But where's *Peg*?
Mal. Entred the Mill already. *Mrs.* Is he faſt?
Mal. As ſenceleſſe as a Dormouſe.
Mrs. Then to work, to work my pretty Laplands
Pinch, here, ſcratch,
Doe that within, without we'l keep the watch.

The Witches retire: the Spirits come about him with a dreadfull noiſe: he ſtarts.

Sold. Am I in Hell, then have among'ſt you divels;
This ſide, and that ſide, what behinde, before?
Ile keep my face unſcratch'd diſpight you all:
What, doe you pinch in private, clawes I feele
But can ſee nothing, nothing pinch me thus?
Have at you then, I and have at you ſtill;
And ſtil have at you, *Beates them off, followes them in,*
One of them I have pay'd, *and Enters againe.*
In leaping out oth' hole a foot or eare
Or ſomething I have light on. What all gone?
All quiet? not a Cat that's heard to mew?
Nay then Ile try to take another nap,

Though I ſleepe with mine eyes open. *Exit.*

Enter Mr. *Generous, and Robin.*

Gen. Robin, the laſt night that I lodg'd at home
My Wife (if thou remembreſt) lay abroad,
But no words of that.
Rob. You have taught me ſilence.
Gen. I roſe thus early much before my houre,
To take her in her bed. 'Tis yet not five:
The Sunne ſcarce up. Thoſe horſes take and lead 'em
Into the Stable, ſee them rubb'd and dreſt,
We have rid hard. Now in the interim I
Will ſtep and ſee how my new Miller fares,
Or whether he ſlept better in his charge,
Than thoſe which did precede him.
Rob. Sir I ſhall.
Gen. But one thing more —— *Whiſpers.*

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Now from the laſt nights witchcraft we are freed,
And I that had not power to cleare my ſelfe
From baſe aſperſion, am at liberty
For vow'd revenge: I cannot be at peace
(The night-ſpell being took of) till I have met
With noble Mr. *Generous*: in whoſe ſearch
The beſt part of this morning I have ſpent,
His wife now I ſuſpect.
Rob. By your leave Sir.
Arth. O y'are well met, pray tell me how long is't
Since you were firſt my Father?
Rob Be patient *I* beſeech you, what doe you meane Sir?
Arth. But that *I* honour
Thy Maſter, to whoſe goodneſſe *I* am bound,
And ſtill muſt remaine thankfull, *I* ſhould prove
Worſe then a Murderer, a meere Paricide.

By

By killing thee my Father.

Rob. *I* your Father? he was a man *I* alwayes lov'd
And honour'd. He bred me.

Arth. And you begot me? oh you us'd me finely laſt night?

Gen. Pray what's the matter Sir?

Arth. My worthy friend, but that *I* honour you
As one to whom *I* am ſo much oblig'd,
This Villaine could not ſtirre a foot from hence
Till periſht by my ſword.

Gener. How hath he wrong'd you?
Be of a milder temper I intreat,
Relate what and when done?

Arth. You may command me,
If aske me what wrongs, know this Groome pretends
He hath ſtrumpeted my mother, if when, blaz'd
Laſt night at midnight. If you aske me further
Where, in your own houſe; when he pointed to me
As had I been his Baſtard.

Rob. I doe this? *I* am a horſe agen if *I* got you, Maſter, why Maſter.

Gen. I know you Mr. *Arthur*, for a Gentleman
Of faire endowments, a moſt ſolid braine,
And ſetled underſtanding. Why this fellow
Theſe two dayes was ſcarce ſundred from my ſide,
And for the laſt night I am moſt aſſur'd
He ſlept within my Chamber, 12. miles off,
We have nere parted ſince.

Arth, You tell me wonders.
Since all your words to me are Oracles,
And ſuch as *I* moſt conſtantly beleeve,
But Sir, ſhall *I* be bold and plaine withall,
I am ſuſpitious all's not well at home;
I dare proceed no farther without leave,
Yet there is ſomething lodged within my breaſt
Which *I* am loath to utter.

Gen. Keepe it there,
I pray doe a ſeaſon (O my feares)

No doubt ere long my tongue may be the Key
To open that your secret: Get you gone sir
And doe as I commanded.
Rob. I shall Sir. Father quoth he
I should be proud indeed of such a sonne. *Exit.*
Gen. Please you now walk with me to my Mill, I faine would
How my bold Soldier speeds. It is a place (see
Hath beene much troubled.

Enter Soldier.

Arth. I shall waite on you. — See he appeares.
Gen. Good morrow Soldier.
Sold. A bad night I have had
A murrin take your Mill-sprights.
Gen. Prithee tell me, hast thou bin frighted then?
Sold. How frighted Sir,
A Doungcart full of Divels coo'd not do't.
But I have bin so nipt, and pull'd, and pinch'd,
By a company of Hell-cats.
Arth. Fairies sure.
Sold. Rather foule fiends, Fairies have no such clawes;
Yet *I* have kept my face whole thanks my Semiter,
My trusty Bilbo, but for which *I* vow,
I had been torne to pieces. But *I* thinke
I met with some of them. One *I* am sure
I have sent limping hence.
Gen. Didst thou fasten upon any?
Sold. Fast or loose, most sure *I* made them flye,
And skip out of the Port-holes. But the last
I made her squeake, she had forgot to mew,
I spoyl'd her Catter-wawling.
Arth. Let's see thy sword.
Sold. To look on, not to part with from my hand,
'Tis not the Soldiers custome.
Arth. Sir, *I* observe 'tis bloody towards the point.
Sold. If all the rest scape scot-free, yet *I* am sure

There's

Thees one hath payd the reckoning.

Gen. Looke well about, *Lookes about and finds the hand.*
Perhaps there may be ſeene ſome tract of bloud.

Sold. What's here? is't poſſible Cats ſhould have hands
And rings upon their fingers.

Arth. Moſt prodigious.

Gen. Reach me that hand.

Sold. There's that of the three I can beſt ſpare.

Gen. Amazement upon wonder, can this be;
I needs muſt know't by moſt infallible markes.
Is this the hand once plighted holy vowes,
And this the ring that bound them? doth this laſt age
Afford what former never durſt beleeve?
O how have I offended thoſe high powers?
That my great incredulity ſhould merit
A puniſhment ſo grievous, and to happen
Vnder mine own roofe, mine own bed, my boſome.

Arth. Know you the hand Sir?

Gen. Yes and too well can reade it.
Good Maſter *Arthur* beare me company
Vnto my houſe, in the ſociety
Of good men there's great ſolace.

Arth. Sir Ile waite on you.

Gen. And Soldier do not leave me, lock thy Mill,
I have imployment for thee.

Sold. *I* ſhall ſir, *I* think *I* have tickled ſome of your Tenants at will, that thought to revell here rent-free; the beſt is if one of the parties ſhall deny the deed, we have their hand to ſhew.

Exeunt.

A *Bed thruſt out, Mrs. Gener. in't; Whetſtone, Mall Spencer by her.*

Whet. Why Aunt, deere Aunt, honey Aunt, how doe you, how fare you, cheere you, how is't with you? you have bin a luſty woman in your time, but now you look as if you could not doe with all. *Mrs.* Good *Mal* let him not trouble me.

Mal. Fie Mr. *Whetſtone* you keep ſuch a noiſe in the chamber that your Aunt is deſirous to take a little reſt and cannot.

VVhet. In my Vncles abſence who but *I* ſhould comfort my Am *I* not of the Bloud, am not *I* next of Kin? (Aunt, Why Aunt?

Mrs. Gen Good Nephew leave me.

VVhet. The Divell ſhall leave you ere ile forſake you, Aunt, you know, *Sic* is So, and being ſo ſicke doe you thinke ile leave you, what know *I* but this Bed may prove your death-bed, and and then *I* hope you will remember me, that is, remember me in your Will. — (*Knocke within.*) Who's that knocks with ſuch authority. Ten to one my Vncles come to towne.

Mrs. Gen. If it be ſo, excuſe my weaknes to him, ſay *I* can ſpeake with none.

Mal. I will, and ſcape him if *I* can; by this accident all muſt come out, and here's no ſtay for me — (*Knock again*) Againe, ſtay you here with your Aunt, and ile goe let in your Vncle.

VVhet. Doe good *Mal*, and how, and how ſweet Aunt?

Enter Mr. *Gener.* *Mal*, *Arthur*, *Soldier*, *and Robin.*

Gen. Y'are well met here, *I* am told you oft frequent
This houſe as my Wives choyſe companion,
Yet have *I* ſeldome ſeene you.

Mal. Pray, by your leave Sir,
Your wife is taken with a ſuddaine qualme
She hath ſent me for a Doctor.

Gen. But that labour ile ſave you, Soldier take her to your (charge.
And now where's this ſicke woman.

VVhet. O Vncle you come in good time, my Aunt is ſo ſuddainly taken as if ſhe were ready to give up the ſpirit.

Gen. 'Tis almoſt time ſhe did, ſpeake how is't wife
My Nephew tels me you were tooke laſt night
With a ſhrewd ſickneſſe, which this Mayde confirmes.

Mrs. Yes ſir, but now deſire no company.
Noyſe troubles me, and *I* would gladly ſleepe.

Gener. In company there's comfort, prithee wife
Lend me thy hand, and let me feele thy pulſe,
Perhaps ſome Feaver, by their beating *I*

May gueſſe at thy diſeaſe.

Mrs. Gen. My hand, 'tis there.

Gen. A dangerous ſicknes, and *I* feare t death,
'Tis oddes you will not ſcape it. Take that backe
And let me prove the t'other, if perhaps
I there can finde more comfort.

Mrs. Gen. *I* pray excuſe me.

Gener. *I* muſt not be deny'd,
Sick folkes are peeviſh, and muſt be ore-rul'd, and ſo ſhall you.

Mrs. Gen. Alas *I* have not ſtrength to lift it up.

Gener. If not thy hand Wife, ſhew me but thy wriſt,
And ſee how this will match it, here's a Teſtate
That cannot be out-fac'd.

Mrs. Gener. *I* am undone.

VVhet. Hath my Aunt bin playing at handee dandee, nay then if the game goe this way *I* feare ſhe'l have the worſt hand on't.

Arth. 'Tis now apparant
How all the laſt nights buſineſſe came about,
In this my late ſuſpicion, is confirm'd.

Gen. My heart hath bled more for thy curſt relapſe
Than drops hath iſſu'd from thy wounded arme.
But wherefore ſhould I preach to one paſt hope?
Or where the divell himſelfe claimes right in all,
Seeke the leaſt part or intereſt? Leave your Bed,
Vp, make you ready; I muſt deliver you
Into the hand of Iuſtice. O deare friend
It is in vaine to gueſſe at this my griefe
'Tis ſo inundant. Soldier take away that young
But old in miſchiefe.
And being of theſe *Apoſtat's* rid ſo well,
Ile ſee my houſe no more be made a Hell.
Away with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bantam, and Shakſton.

Ban. Ile out o' the Country, and as ſoone live in *Lapland* as *Lancaſhire* hereafter.

Shak.

Shak. What for a falſe illuſive apparition? *I* hope the divell is not able to perſwade thee thou art a Baſtard.

Bant. No, but *I* am afflicted to thinke that the divell ſhould have power to put ſuch a trick upon us, to countenance a Raſcal, that is one.

Shak. *I* hope *Arthur* has taken a courſe with his Vncle about him by this time, who would have thought ſuch a foole as hee could have beene a Witch?

Bant. Why doe you thinke there's any wiſe folks of the quality; Can any but fooles be drawne into a Covenant with the greateſt enemy of mankind? yet *I* cannot thinke that *Whetſtone* is the Witch? The young Queane that was at the Wedding was i' th houſe yee know.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell, in their firſt Habits.

Shak. See *Lawrence* and *Parnell* civilly accorded againe it ſeems, and accoutred as they were wont to be when they had their wits.

Lawr. Bleſt be the houre I ſay may hunny, may ſweet *Pall*, that Ay's becom'd thaine agone, and thou's becom'd maine agone, and may this ea kiſſe ma us tway become both eane for ever and a day.

Parn. Yie marry *Lall*, and thus ſhadden it be, there is nought getten by ſawing out, we mun ſaw in or we get nought.

Bant. The world's well mended here; we cannot but rejoyce to ſee this, *Lawrence*.

Lawr. And you been welcome to it Gentlemen.

Parn. And we been glad we han it for you.

Shak. And I proteſt *I* am glad to ſee it.

Parn. And thus ſhan yeou ſee't till our deeing houre. Ween eon leove now for a laiſe time, the Dewle ſhonot ha the poore to put us to peeces agone.

Bant. Why now all's right and ſtraight and as it ſhould be.

Lawr. Yie marry that is it, the good houre be bleſſed for it, that put the wit into may head, to have a miſtruſt of that peſtilent Codpeece-point, that the witched worch *Mal Spencer* go me,

me, ah woe worth her, that were it that made aw so nought.

Bant. & Shak. Is't possible?

Parn. Yie marry it were an Inchauntment, and about an houre since it come intill our hearts to doe, what yeou thinke, and we did it. *Bant.* What *Parnell*?

Parn. Marry we take the point, and we casten the point into the fire, and the point spitter'd and spatter'd in the fire, like an it were (love blesse us) a laive thing in the faire; and it hopet and skippet, and riggled, and frisket in the faire, and crept about laike a worme in the faire, that it were warke enough for us both with all the Chimney tooles to keepe it into the faire, and it stinket in the faire, worsen than ony brimstone in the faire.

Bant. This is wonderfull as all the rest.

Lawr. It wolld ha scar'd ony that hadden their wits till a seen't, and we werne mad eont it were deone.

Parn. And this were not above an houre sine, and you connot devaise how we han lov'd t'on t'other by now, yeou woud een bliss your seln to see't.

Lawr. Yie an han pit on our working geere, to swinke and serve our Master and Maistresse like intill painfull servants agone, as we shudden.

Bant. 'Tis wondrous well.

Shak. And are they well agen?

Parn. Yie and weel's laike heane bliss them, they are awas weel becom'd as none ill had ever beene aneast 'hem; Lo ye, lo ye, as they come.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Gregory and Win.

Greg. Sir, if a contrite heart strucke through with sence
Of it's sharpe errors, bleeding with remorse
The blacke polluted staine it had conceived
Of foule unnaturall disobedience
May yet by your faire mercy finde Remission;
You shall upraise a Sonne out o' the gulph
Of horrour and despaire, unto a bliss
That shall for ever crowne your goodnesse, and

Instructive in my after life to serve you,
In all the duties that befit a sonne.
Seel. Enough, enough, good boy, 'tis most apparant
We all have had our errors, and as plainly
It now appeares, our judgments, yea our reason
Was poyson'd by some violent infection,
Quite contrary to Nature.
Bant. This sounds well.
Seely. *I* feare it was by Witchcraft: for *I* now
(Blest be the power that wrought the happy means
Of my delivery) remember that
Some 3. months since *I* crost a wayward woman
(One that *I* now suspect) for bearing with
A most unseemly disobedience,
In an untoward ill-bred sonne of hers,
When with an ill looke and an hollow voyce
She mutter'd out these words. Perhaps ere long
Thy selfe shalt be obedient to thy sonne.
She has play'd her pranke it seemes.
Greg. Sir *I* have heard, that Witches apprehended under hands of lawfull authority, doe loose their power;
And all their spels are instantly dissolv'd.
Seel. *If* it be so, then at this happy houre,
The Witch is tane that over us had power.
Joane. Enough Childe, thou art mine and all is well.
Win. Long may you live the well-spring of my blisse,
And may my duty and my fruitfull Prayers,
Draw a perpetuall streame of blessings from you.
Seely. Gentlemen welcome to my best friends house,
You know the unhappy cause that drew me hether.
Bant. And cannot but rejoyce to see the remedy so neere at hand.

Enter Doughty, Miller, and boy.

Dought. Come Gossip, come Boy — Gentlemen you are come to the bravest discovery — Mr. *Seely* and the rest, how is't with you? you look reasonable well me thinkes.

Seely.

Seely. Sir, we doe find that we have reaſon enough to thank you for your Neighbourly and pious care of us.

Doughty. Is all ſo well with you already? goe to, will you know a reaſon for't Gentlemen: I have catcht a whole Kennel of Witches. It ſeemes their Witch is one of 'hem, and ſo they are diſcharm'd, they are all in Officers hands, and they will touch here with two or three of them for a little private parley, before they goe to the Iuſtices. Maſter *Generous* is comming hither too, with a ſupply that you dreame not of, and your Nephew *Arthur.*

Bant. You are beholden Sir to Maſter *Generous* in behalfe of your Nephew for ſaving his land from forfeiture in time of your diſtraction.

Seely. I will acknowledge it moſt thankfully.

Shak. See he comes.

Enter Mr. Generous, Mrs. Generous, Arthur, Whetſtone, Mal, Soldier, and Robin.

Seel. O Mr. *Generous*, the noble favour you have ſhew'd
My Nephew for ever bindes me to you.

Gener. I pittyed then your miſery, and now
Have nothing left but to bewayle mine owne
In this unhappy woman.

Seel. Good Miſtreſſe *Generous* —

Arth. Make a full ſtop there Sir, ſides, ſides, make ſides, You know her not as I doe, ſtand aloofe there Miſtreſſe with your darling Witch, your Nephew too if you pleaſe, becauſe though he be no witch, he is a wel-willer to the infernal ſcience.

Gener. I utterly diſcard him in her blood
And all the good that I intended him
I will conferre upon this vertuous Gentleman.

Whet. Well Sir, though you be no Vnckle, yet mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and ſhall be to her dying day.

Doug. And that will be about a day after next Sizes I take it,

Enter Witches, Conſtable, and Officers.

O here comes more o' your Naunts, Naunt *Dickenſon* & Naunt *Har-*

Hargrave, ods fish and your Granny *Johnson* too; we want but a good fire to entertaine 'em.

Arth. See how they lay their heads together? *Witches charme together.*

Gill. No succour. *Maud.* No relieſe.

Peg. No comfort!

All. *Mawſy*, my *Mawſy*, gentle *Mawſy* come,

Maud. Come my ſweet *Puckling*.

Peg. My *Mamilion*.

Arth. What doe they ſay?

Bant. They call their Spirits I thinke.

Dought. Now a ſhame take you for a fardell of fooles, have you knowne ſo many of the Divels tricks, and can be ignorant of that common feate of the old Iugler; that is, to leave you all to the Law, when you are once ſeized on by the tallons of Authority? Ile undertake this little *Demigorgon* Conſtable with theſe Common-wealth Characters upon his ſtaffe here, is able in ſpite of all your bugs-words, to ſtave off the grand Divell for doing any of you good till you come to his Kingdome to him, and there take what you can finde.

Arth. But Gentlemen, ſhall we try if we can by examination get from them ſomething that may abbreviate the cauſe unto the wiſer in Commiſſion for the peace before wee carry them before 'em. *Gen. & Seel.* Let it be ſo.

Dought. Well ſay, ſtand out Boy, ſtand out Miller, ſtand out *Robin*, ſtand out Soldier, and lay your accuſation upon 'em.

Bant. Speake Boy doe you know theſe Creatures, women I dare not call 'em?

Boy. Yes Sir, and ſaw them all in the Barne together, and many more at their Feaſt and Witchery.

Rob. And ſo did *I*, by a Divelliſh token, *I* was rid thither, though I rid home againe as faſt without ſwitch or ſpur.

Mill. *I* was ill handled by them in the Mill.

Sold. And *I* ſliced off a Cats foot there, that is ſince a hand, who ever wants it.

Seel. How *I* and all my family have ſuffered you all know.

Lawr. And how *I* were bewitched my *Pall* here knowes.

Parn. Yie *Lall*, and the Witch *I* knaw, an *I* prayen yeou goe me

me but leave to scrat her well-favorely.

Bant. Hold *Parnell.*

Parn. Yeou can blame no honest woman, *I* trow, to scrat for the thing she leoves. *Mal.* Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Doe you laugh Gentlewoman? what say you to all these matters?

Mrs. Gen. *I* will say nothing, but what you know you know, And as the law shall finde me let it take me.

Gil. And so say I. *Mawd.* And I.

Mal. And *I*, other confession you get none from us.

Arth. What say you Granny?

Peg. *Mamilion*, ho *Mamilion*, *Mamilion.*

Arth. Who's that you call?

Peg. My friend, my Sweet-heart, my *Mamilion.*

Witches. You are not mad?

Dought. Ah ha, that's her Divell, her *Incubus* I warrant; take her off from the rest they'l hurt her. Come hether poore old woman. Ile dandle a Witch a little, thou wilt speake, and tell the truth, and shalt have favour doubt not. Say art not thou a Witch? *They storme.*

Peg. 'Tis folly to dissemble yie sir, I am one.

Dought. And that *Mamilion* which thou call'st upon Is thy familiar Divell is't not? Nay prithee speake.

Peg. Yes Sir.

Dough. That's a good woman, how long hast had's acquaintance, ha?

Peg. A matter of sixe yeares Sir.

Dought. A pretty matter. What was he like a man?

Peg. Yes when I pleas'd.

Dought. And then he lay with thee, did he not sometimes?

Peg. Tis folly to dissemble; twice a Weeke he never fail'd me.

Dough. Humh — and how? and how a little? was he a good Bedfellow?

Peg. Tis folly to speake worse of him than he is.

Dough. *I* trust me is't. Give the Divell his due.

Peg. He pleas'd me well Sir, like a proper man.

Dought. There was sweet coupling.

Peg. Onely his flesh felt cold.

Arth. He wanted his great fires about him that he has at (home.

Dough. Peace, and did he weare good clothes?

Peg. Gentleman like, but blacke blacke points and all.

Dought. I, very like his points were blacke enough. But come we'l trifle w'yee no longer. Now shall you all to the Iustices, and let them take order with you till the Sizes, and then let Law take his course, and *Vivat Rex.* Mr. *Generous I* am sorry for your cause of sorrow, we shall not have your company?

Gener. No sir, my Prayers for her soules recovery.
Shall not be wanting to her, but mine eyes
Must never see her more.

Rob. *Mal*, adiew sweet *Mal*, ride your next journey with the company you have there.

Mal. Well Rogue I may live to ride in a Coach before I come to the Gallowes yet.

Rob. And Mrs. the horse that stayes for you rides better with a Halter than your gingling bridle. *Exeunt Gen. & Robin.*

Dought. Mr. *Seely* I rejoyce for your families attonement.

Seel. And *I* praise heaven for you that were the means to it.

Dough. On afore Drovers with your untoward Cattell.

Exeunt severally.

Bant. Why doe not you follow Mr. *By-blow.* I thanke your Aunt for the tricke she would have father'd us withall.

Whet. Well Sir, mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and for that trick I will not leave her till I see her doe a worse.

Bant. Y'are a kinde Kinsman. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

FINIS.

Song. II. Act.

1 *Come* Mawſy, *come* Puckling,
And come my ſweet Suckling,
My pretty Mamillion, *my Ioy*,
Fall each to his Duggy,
While kindly we huggie,
As tender as Nurſe over Boy.
Then ſuck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we ſing, hey Trolly Lolly.

2 *We'l dandle and clip yee*,
We'l ſtroke yee, and leape yee,
And all that we have is your due;
The feates you doe for us,
And thoſe which you ſtore us
Withall, tyes us onely to you.
Then ſuck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we ſing, hey Trolly Lolly.

THE EPILOGVE.

Now while the Witches must expect their due
By lawfull Iustice, we appeale to you
For favourable censure; what their crime
May bring upon 'em, ripenes yet of time
Has not reveal'd. Perhaps great Mercy may
After just condemnation give them day
Of longer life. We represent as much
As they have done, before Lawes hand did touch
Upon their guilt; But dare not hold it fit,
That we for Iustices and Iudges sit.
And personate their grave wisedomes on the Stage
Whom we are bound to honour; No, the Age
Allowes it not. Therefore unto the Lawes
We can but bring the Witches and their cause,
And there we leave 'em, as their Divels did,
Should we goe further with 'em? Wit forbid;
What of their storie, further shall ensue,
We must referre to time, our selves to you.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A WOMAN KILDE with Kindneſſe.

Written by Tho: Heywood.

LONDON
Printed by William Iaggard dwelling in Barbican, and are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard. by Iohn Hodgets. 1607.